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SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: "WITH A GREAT ARMY" SIXPENCE.



LORD ROBERTS WRITING DESPATCHES IN A TRANSPORT-WAGON.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

In this wagon the Field-Marshal wrote and slept.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This summer day in April should make the most irritable philosopher feel himself at surprising peace with all the world. I know not in what climate these lines will be read—in thunder, lightning, or in rain, with Macbeth's Witches, or in the bleak wind that late o'er pale Britannia passed; but for three days we seem to have skipped the season of Spring in a manner that would have surprised the elegant Mr. Thomson, who invoked "ethereal mildness" from "the bosom of yon dropping cloud" for the refreshment of a charming lady's "innocence and meditation." She was "blooming and benevolent," Mr. Thomson tells us in the poem, which everybody has long ceased to read; and the premature debauch of sunshine in which London is revelling to-day makes me take these epithets to myself. Just now I saw the first straw hat of the year in Pall Mall, and I felt as proud as the man who writes to the *Times* to say he has heard the cuckoo, as if that disreputable bird had given him a private audience.

"Blooming and benevolent," then, is my frame of mind, and the proof of it is that even the ravings of a Dutch professor, which I have before me, in type-written sheets with the amiable writer's signature—"H. Wefers Bettink, Professor of Utrecht University"—cannot move me to cholera. A correspondent rebuked me the other day for lack of respect to Professor Mommsen, who, I was reminded, however mistaken he might be as to the Transvaal War, was a man of erudition. I salute Professor Mommsen's erudition. They are all erudite, these foreign professors, who can "hob-a-nob with Pharaoh, glass to glass," like Horace Smith's mummy, and drop a halfpennyworth of criticism in Homer's hat, but cannot acquaint themselves with the character, traditions, and policy of the English people. What says the learned Mr. Bettink? He has prepared a document which he styles "Making Away with the South African Prisoners of War: A Protest." He is of opinion that we deliberately murder our Boer captives. We herd them together "in filthy ships, as was done with negroes in the worst periods of the slave trade." We do this because we "covet their gold," and have "undertaken a war of extermination against them." At St. Helena "England will no doubt provide them with a jailer worthy of Hudson Lowe." "Goodness knows how few will see their country again!" We cannot send all the Boers to St. Helena; so we have devised another plan. "The Kaffirs, under English direction, undertake the slaying of women and children." By this means the English hope to exterminate "a small nation of husbandmen and shepherds who never did them, or anyone else, any harm."

The peculiar charm of this "protest" is that it is addressed to English readers, for Professor Bettink is good enough to believe that "Englishmen are to be found who have a heart and conscience, and who will raise their voices, perhaps against this impious war, but assuredly against making away with the prisoners of war!" Such earnestness reminds one of a delightful story told by James Payn. He received a letter one day from an old friend, whom he had lost sight of for years, suggesting an admirable scheme for making the fortunes of both. Payn was to find out all the scandals of his friends, and then present a claim for hush money. He was a good deal puzzled by this letter until he learned that it had been written in a lunatic asylum. Is it possible that Professor Bettink, who writes from "Utrecht, Holland," makes his appeal to the English "heart and conscience" from a similar institution? If not, what branch of erudition at Utrecht University is administered by a man who believes that Englishmen make away with their prisoners of war, and employ Kaffirs to kill women and children?

I see that an urchin named Smith is journeying to Pretoria by way of Paris to deliver to Mr. Kruger a memorial from the school-children of Philadelphia. They have read in their lessons about the "English oppression" of the American Colonies, and they imagine that Mr. Kruger is battling with the same thing. So Smith is deputed to bid the Boer President to "buck up," and Mr. Kruger, no doubt, will be greatly cheered by this proof of Biblical wisdom from babes and sucklings. Master Smith's Parisian experience ought to give it an agreeably modern relish, as though one should dilute ass's milk with absinthe. Citizen George Francis Train has sent me two copies of his *Penny Magazine*, with his portrait and autograph in blue pencil. The same pencil has marked some passages of moving eloquence, from which I learn that Citizen George has been telling the public of Minnesota how a Boer ascended the English throne after our Revolution. I hope the blue pencil has drawn Mr. Kruger's attention to this omen. After William III. why not Paul I.? As Mynheer Bettink may be Professor of History at Utrecht University, why should he not give a course of lectures on the degradation of the English since Dutch William ruled over them, and the beautiful redemption they might enjoy under the pious sovereignty of Mr. Kruger? If we cannot have that privilege, we may sink still lower in barbarism, and actually eat our prisoners of war instead of maltreating them like negro slaves.

Professor Bettink must have drawn his inspiration about the English character from the pastors of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa. Canon Oxford, of Bloemfontein, tells us it is within his personal knowledge that one of these amiable clergymen in the Free State preached against the English as "a nation of atheists, and dissolute to a man"; while another declared that if the Boers should be defeated in this war he would cease to believe in "a righteous God." I fancy that the centre of atheism is likely to be shifted when Lord Roberts has finished his operations. A solemn consideration for Professor Bettink in his University discourses is the dependence of Holland upon the treaty obligations of this "nation of atheists," who will shortly be cannibals. The Dutch owe their security in Europe largely to British protection. Why does not the high-minded Bettink propose that they should exchange this for the yearning bosom of the German Confederation? Belgium owes her national existence to us. When she revolted against the Netherlands Government in 1830 because the Dutch treated the Belgians exactly as Mr. Kruger has treated his Outlanders, it was the intervention of England that secured her independence. Forty years later the British Government enacted fresh European guarantees for Belgian liberties. Why does not some Belgian professor tell us that his countrymen would rather become French citizens than eat the political bread of our benevolence?

Yes, it must be this April summer day that begets such meek reflections. In the Park just now, there sat hard by me an elderly lady with white hair and a mellow Irish accent, who deplored to a companion the decline in the quality of carriage horses since she was young. "Ye don't see such high-steppers now," she said in a tone of resignation. "Look at that pair? Well, they're glossy, I grant ye, and their shape isn't bad; but look at their noses! They're just bowed down with ennui!" I don't think it was ennui: more probably it was the chastening rumination of the equine mind over the scarcity of remounts in South Africa. In Piccadilly I met the editor of a journal which is supposed by foreigners to represent with peculiar insolence the pride of the British oppressor. He gave me a melancholy account of a dinner at which he had not shone, and said that modesty would be his ruin. I open some letters at the club, and find myself corrected by two correspondents. One of them tells me that the ancient vendor of brandy-bals at Brighton, lately mentioned in this page, was really a woman. It was "an open secret," he says. Bless me, and I never suspected it! The other correspondent asks me how I square my theory of the passive courage required from Princes in the presence of assassins with the behaviour of a certain Czar, who escaped several bullets by running zigzag towards a door.

Another reproof befell me on St. George's Day, when an ardent patriot, finding me undecorated, sent to a florist's for a rose which cost him a shilling. I wore the flower with a certain sense of ostentation, for there seemed to be a widespread unwillingness to flaunt roses in the face of the world. Professor Bettink may say this was due to a misgiving that it is not St. George who is fighting on our side in this war, but the Dragon. I expect a German economist to point out that, with roses at a shilling, the average Englishman is too mean to honour the day of his national saint. Perhaps some French journalist will say that St. George is just the saint we deserve, because he began life as a fraudulent army contractor, and ended it as a hypocritical bishop. That is the story which is adopted by Gibbon; but I prefer the legend of the earlier George who was martyred three times before he consented to take a final leave of the earth. He came to life again with a persistence which exasperated his persecutor, thus prefiguring the historic boast of Britons that they never know when they are beaten!

But St. George's Day is also Shakspeare's Day, and I wish that Englishmen who will not wear roses for the one would wear rosemary for the other. It would be a pretty fancy; but I suppose we are too robust a people for pretty fancies that have nothing to do with politics, and commemorate mere poets. There are enthusiasts who deck the statue of King Charles at Whitehall; but who dreams of laying a garland at the feet of Shakspeare in Leicester Square? Here, now, is the chance for a foreigner to put us to shame. Many an exile in Leicester Square must have reflected upon the English neglect of the national poet. The only noteworthy statue of him that London possesses was erected by a company-promoter, and stares hard at the Empire Theatre of Varieties. Canning, in Parliament Square, faces the scene of his rhetorical triumphs, and Oliver Cromwell turns his back on the House of Commons with an obvious recollection of "Pride's Purge." But what is the fitness of putting up Shakspeare to contemplate the home of ballet, unless it be argued that, as a keen man of business, he would, if alive again, combine the enrichment of our literature with the management of the Empire, and feel no reproach? Well, in future let some alien professor decorate the Shakspeare statue in Leicester Square on April 23. We should take the reproof quite mildly, for why should not the foreigner garnish our monuments when it is the German conviction that Shakspeare thought in German, although by accident or eccentricity he wrote in English?

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The situation in the Free State at the time of writing is a curious one, and there is every prospect that in the immediate future it will have some very remarkable developments. To a large extent the present position of affairs is due to that untrustworthy and often most troublesome factor, the weather. Very heavy rains have fallen in and around Bloemfontein, with the irritating result that the relief of Colonel Dalgely's force, which was isolated about a fortnight back near Wepener, was seriously retarded, the enemy were enabled to concentrate unchecked in the south-eastern corner of the Free State in unexpectedly strong force, and Lord Roberts himself, naturally reluctant to move while such an important hostile demonstration was being made in his rear, was forced to postpone for some days the resumption of his march on the Transvaal capital. It now, however, seems likely that matters will swiftly readjust themselves, and that in a very short time we may again see Lord Roberts pushing forward in that brilliantly triumphant manner which is so characteristic of his strategy.

The report prevalent at the time this summary went to press last week, to the effect that the Boer force which had isolated Colonel Dalgely was retiring, proved, unfortunately, incorrect. On the contrary, the enemy, although they had somewhat slackened their cordon owing to the exceeding vigour and briskness of Colonel Dalgely's defence, had been strongly reinforced, and, even by the middle of last week, must have numbered 8000 strong. The reason for this display of force seems to have been partly a special desire to damage or capture the Colonial Division—of which the Boers are genuinely afraid—and partly anxiety to prevent our deriving advantage from the rich wheat-growing and otherwise productive country round Ladybrand. In view of the enemy's strength, it became necessary largely to increase the relieving forces. Accordingly, General Brabant, who was coming up from Alwal North via Rouxville, was reinforced by Hart's Brigade from Natal, and General Clernside, who was advancing from Reddersburg with the 1500 men whom he had taken over from General Gatacre, was joined by the Eighth Division under General Rundle, who forthwith took command of the main relief column. On April 20 General Brabant was at Bushman's Kop, about twenty miles from Wepener, and General Rundle had come in contact with the enemy four miles south-west of Dewetsdorp, and had occupied a position commanding the town. On April 21 an artillery duel took place between the latter force and the Boers, but no forward move was made, General Rundle presumably finding himself unable to take a brisk offensive with the force at his disposal. On April 22 General Brabant succeeded in outflanking the enemy's position near Bushman's Kop, and, on advancing the following day, found that the enemy had retired. The latest news at the time of writing was to the effect that our forces were bivouacking within about eight miles of Wepener, and that Colonel Dalgely's force had been to all intents and purposes relieved, the enemy having withdrawn the greater part of their forces to meet Rundle's advance.

Meanwhile, on April 22, Lord Roberts had despatched the Eleventh Division under General Pole-Carew, and two brigades of cavalry under General French, to General Rundle's assistance. On April 23 General Pole-Carew, finding the enemy in some force on Leeuwkop, a high hill about fifteen miles south-east of Bloemfontein, proceeded to drive them out. The engagement has been much magnified by the papers, but, in reality, was of second-rate importance, the approach of night rendering it impossible to secure an appreciable success by cutting off the enemy's retreat.

It is clear that in this quarter we shall have some serious fighting, unless the enemy round Wepener succeed in getting away north without being intercepted by French's cavalry. It is also obvious that, until this little matter is settled, Lord Roberts must stay where he is, as he certainly would not attempt a great forward move without having the Cavalry Division well in front of him.

During the last fortnight the situation on the Western Border has been becoming more engrossing, although as yet nothing has transpired to enable the relief of Mafeking to be otherwise than quite conjecturally anticipated. At Warrenton the enemy have been busily engaged in shelling the field works which our troops have been pushing forward towards the river. In a Reuter's telegram dated last Monday it is stated that "important developments" are impending, which may mean that a move which has been in secret preparation is on the point of being made. But for the present greater interest attaches to Methuen's position near Boshof, round which the Boers are closing in very considerable force. General Douglas, who, as noted in last week's summary, has been operating in the neighbourhood of Boshof, was on April 20 recalled from Zwartkopsfontein, and his column had a narrow escape of being severely handled by a force of 2000 Boers with guns, who vigorously attacked the rearguard, but were foiled by its steady resistance. It seems likely that Boshof will shortly be isolated, and it is even suggested that another attack will be made on Kimberley.

Sir Frederick Carrington's movements will be extremely interesting when it becomes certain as to the direction which they will take. For the present it is quite unsafe to speculate on what will happen in this quarter, and, indeed, it is very possible that the orders given to General Carrington himself are to some extent contingent on various eventualities which need not be here discussed. In the meantime, the broad fact that to the north of the Transvaal we have now some 5000 splendid mounted troops under a leader of singular ability and local experience is sufficiently gratifying.

From Natal there comes no news which can reasonably be made to form ground even for speculation. A report that the Boers are evacuating the Biggarsberg seems illusory, but, on the other hand, they do not seem aggressively inclined. General Buller has been curiously silent of late. Sir Charles Warren has left to govern Tschuanaland.

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A visit to the Exhibition is not altogether devoid of danger to life and limb, but up to the moment of writing there have been no serious accidents. A cynical friend told me, however, that he would defer his second tour of inspection for a couple of weeks. "I intended going again in a few days," he said, "but I fancied it would be safer to take out a policy of insurance against accidents before doing another round. I applied to an office, and they refused to take my money." "How did they know of your intention?" I asked. "Well," he answered, "they inquired of my usual avocations and pursuits—whether I travelled much, and so forth. I informed them that just now I had a good deal of time to spare, and that I intended to devote part of it to watching the growth of the stupendous undertaking. Thereupon they decided that they would have to charge a war-premium." My friend is somewhat prone to exaggeration, but in this instance he may have spoken the truth. Another friend averred that the place looks more like an enormous goods station than anything else.

The restaurants and beer-saloons are nevertheless already reaping a plentiful harvest, for, as a matter of course, the air is laden with dust, and such an atmospheric condition is apt to breed thirst. And what will be more gratifying to our French neighbours, much of the "barley bree" consumed is of French brewing. It is deliciously cool and light, and it is really wonderful to note the progress made during the last decade and a half in that branch of industry. More than half a century ago the late Duc d'Angoulême, in passing with his soldiers before the famous Clos-Vougeot, commanded his men to "present arms" in honour of its vintage. The next illustrious General wishing to be complimentary to France will get his contingent to execute a similar movement in passing before a huge barley-field or hop-garden. When I was a lad, the majority of Parisians spoke with scant respect of the habitual beer-drinker. And to tell the truth, the ordinary beer sold in the more or less fashionable cafés was not inviting. Gradually there sprang up in and near the Quartier Latin the Bier-Brauerei on the German model, with German beer to match; but on the right bank of the Seine one had to go a fairish way to find it. I tasted my first glass of German beer after I left Aachen as a little boy, in the Brasserie de l'Espérance, which, I believe, is still in existence, and two of whose principal customers were the novelists Erckmann and Chatrian.

All this is changed, and there are absolutely palatial brasseries on and close to the Boulevards, where the solids are as toothsome as the fluids, and where excellent music is discoursed. Paris, with all its faults, is, and remains, a truly diverting city, provided one has learnt not to take the Parisians too much *au sérieux*. Their deathless countryman, La Fontaine, called them "les comédiens du bon Dieu," and the term would be as appropriate now as when the fabulist first used it. They have been going into ecstasies last week over a few small things and certainly warrant the reproach of their being grown-up children, and as illogical in their admiration and in their dislike as children of a more tender age. One of the objects that have aroused their admiration is the Transvaal Pavilion, in which there is positively nothing to see but a life-size portrait of President Kruger, suspended over what they choose to call a Boer family Bible, but the like of which may be seen by the dozen in every second-hand bookshop in Holland, and notably on the stalls in the long passage adjacent to the Asylum for Old Men in Amsterdam. Yet, curiously enough, a Parisian, who shall be nameless, and who expressed his raptures in a paper which shall remain equally nameless—inasmuch as I do not wish to give either a gratuitous advertisement—objected some seventeen or eighteen years ago to a similar arrangement at the residence of the then Papal Nuncio, the late Monsignor de Rende, where a portrait of Leo XIII. was suspended over a throne. He (the Parisian) averred that it smacked of idol-worship. Inconsistency, thy name is Parisian!

After this, the reader will not be surprised to learn that literally enormous crowds attended the two religious services for the repose of the soul of the late Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. The man is gone, and just because he was a bitter enemy to England, it would ill become me to say anything in disparagement of his memory. But, although I do not admire Lafayette, I am not prepared to see Villebois placed on a future historical level with the other. Yet, if sensible counsels do not prevail, that is what assuredly will happen. Foremost among the congregation at Notre Dame was the irrepressible General Mercier, and he came in for the expected ovation. Villebois was not a great man, yet he was a more valuable soldier by far than the very inferior imitation of Changarnier; in spite of this, it is an open secret that the Commission of Classification, which decides the promotions in the French Army, refused to make him (Villebois) a General, and that, in consequence of this refusal, Villebois threw up his commission in a huff. And there is the irrepressible Mercier trying—metaphorically, of course—to stand on the shoulders of the dead man in order to make the world cry: "See, Mercier is a greater man than Villebois!" When Quin, the actor, lay dying, he expressed his regret at being unable to be consciously present at the last to find out whether he had taken a correct reading of his character. Mercier was, perhaps, under the impression that the religious service for Villebois was a dress rehearsal of his own. But enough of Mercier! Meanwhile one of the greatest artists of France, whom she could ill spare, has passed away almost unperceived. I am alluding to Alexandre Falguière, the sculptor of genius, whose statue of Corneille was probably as great a masterpiece as Houdon's "Voltaire," and both of which adorned the Comédie-Française.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Done into English by Messrs. Stuart Ogilvie and Louis Parker, and interpreted by Mr. Charles Wyndham and company, "Cyrano de Bergerac" makes a rather thin, bloodless, and undramatic romance. Of the new version of Rostand's heroic comedy we are unable to speak in any detail, since Mr. Parker, departing from his usual custom, has not seen fit to furnish critics with a copy of his play. All that can be said is that the English dramatists have cut Cyrano's long speeches most ruthlessly, have timidly shrunk from rendering some of M. Rostand's more memorable conceits, and, in such passages as could be caught, have proved much less successful than their rivals, Mesdames Gladys Thomas and Mary Guillemin, in rendering the wit and poetry of the original. The play, though reduced thus much in weight and significance, still remains too heavy a burden for its chief English interpreter. In attempting to follow M. Coquelin as the Gascon hero, Mr. Wyndham is obviously making a tremendous effort; but it is all in vain. The English actor has neither the voice, nor the training, nor the temperament required by the impersonator of so gallant a part. There is nothing orotund or heroic in his diction or bearing in his gesture or figure. And stipp, though of the most dexterous kind, can never hope to serve in romantic drama as an equivalent for chest notes, robust declamation, and general breadth of style.

"MARSAC OF GASCONY," AT DRURY LANE.

Mr. Edward Vroom's so-called "heroic romantic comedy" turns out to be the familiar costume melodrama wherein the comic scenes relapse into sheer farce and the serious scenes collapse into mere tableaux. The serious action of the story is carried on by a *deus ex machina* in the inevitable person of Cardinal Richelieu, a Gascon hero fighting against a villain for the love of a pretty actress and always escaping arrest by means of his expert swordsmanship; a villain who foists his own plots on the hero, persuades a friend to impersonate him, employs braves to assassinate him, and then discovers that the girl he himself has abducted is his own half-sister; a *père noble*, father of the villain, who moons about through the three acts of the play seeking to discover "where he last heard sung" a certain song which the heroine—needless to say—had learned from her mother. Of the comic relief the tit-bits may be said to be: a would-be humorous scene, suggested apparently by the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," wherein the hero revels in eating, drinking, undressing, and the American accent; a presumably "heroic" scene, in which his mastery of his weapon converts three of his would-be assassins into three of his staunchest supporters; and two exquisitely grotesque timides.

Of the reappearance of Miss Edna May at the Shaftesbury in "An American Beauty" of the new Criterion piece, and of the Vaudeville adaptation of "Les Fétards," notice must be postponed till next week.

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PERSONAL.

Sir George Francis Bonham, whose appointment as British Minister at Belgrade is announced, was born in 1847, and succeeded his father, the first Baronet, in 1863. The new Minister, who was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford, entered the Diplomatic Service when he was twenty-two; and he has served in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, and Lisbon. Sir George married, in 1871, Louisa, third daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Andrew Buchanan, Bart., G.C.B., and has a son, George Lionel, who was born in 1873. His country seat is Knowle Park, Cranleigh, Surrey.

The Duke of Argyll, though hotly opposed to Mr. Gladstone in the later years of that statesman's life, had a strong personal regard for his old leader. The Duke once gave a Unionist meeting a charming description of the way Mr. Gladstone used to drop in to tea with him, argue Home Rule vigorously, and then go away in high good humour. For other Liberal leaders the Duke had no tolerance, and he always got into a passion whenever he was criticised by Lord Rosebery.

Captain Archibald H. Macdonell, of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, whose portrait is now printed, is one of the first contingent that left "Our Lady of the Snows" for service in the field under the semi-tropical skies of South Africa. Captain Macdonell, who was present at the Modder River fight and at the bloody battle of Paardeberg, had a special mention in the despatches sent by Colonel Otter to the Canadian Government for his conspicuous service at the engagement in which the Canadian Regiment played so gallant a part just before the surrender of Cronjé, and whose determined attack brought the long combat of Paardeberg to a close.

Mr. Harold Begbie's poem, "The Handy Man," which appeared originally in the *Globe*, and which hit off the efficiency of our Naval Brigade, has been reprinted in pamphlet form and issued by Messrs. Lamley and Co., Exhibition Road. There are two excellent illustrations; one, the Handy Man—"When the Bugles give him a Call," by Mr. Caton Woodville; and the other a fine symbolic drawing of a bluejacket by Mr. Everard Hopkins. The poem has been republished for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors disabled in South Africa, and on this account, as well as from its merit, it ought to command a wide circulation.

That the Colonies should share the good things of the Empire has become more than ever in accordance with the fitness of things. It is only right, therefore, that the war in South Africa, which has united as well as divided, should be the means of taking that most coveted of decorations, the Victoria Cross, to Australasia. Trooper Tom Morris, of the New South Wales Lancers, is the happy man who, "for valour," is the recipient of the Cross that will mark him out as a hero on his return to the Antipodes. Indeed, on his return through London Trooper Tom Morris, V.C., is pretty sure of a welcome from the citizens that will exceed in enthusiasm, if that is possible, the cheers which formed the Colonials' send-off when they were outward bound.

A sad thing has happened to the Carlton Club. Admiral Field went in there very irate on St. George's Day because there was no flag flying. The "responsible

official" appears to have explained that the club did not possess the national flag. And so Admiral Field wrote to the *Times* to express his "surprise and disgust." It was a little hard on the Carlton to be caught napping like this; but the fact is that West-End clubs do not trouble themselves very much about bunting. When the Queen came to London lately, the secretary of one club which the royal carriage was to pass sent out in hot haste to buy flags. They arrived, but it was not until the Queen had come and gone.

Professor Goldwin Smith has come out as a pro-Boer of the most delirious type. He says that the war is regarded by masses of people in England as "a new kind of gin," that Dutch rebels at the Cape are not "morally" rebels, and that, if they are punished, the civilised world will intervene. All this is mere raving, and serves to remind us that Disraeli once described Mr. Goldwin Smith as "that wild man."

Colonel Dalgety, whose name has become associated with the gallant defence of Wepener, was born in 1868,

and saw active service in South Africa in 1896. Colonel Dalgety's force, outside the town, has had a good deal of trouble to hold its own against the Boers by whom it was surrounded. On April 14 it was reported from Maseru that the enemy were pressing Colonel Dalgety hard; four days later he telegraphed from Jammersberg Drift that the enemy were apparently slackening in their attack; then a little later came the intelligence that the Boer commandant, though he feared being himself surrounded and cut off, did not like to move so long as a chance remained to capture Colonel Dalgety and his garrison. But that chance was just what the Wepener defenders, wearied though they were by a week's continual watching, determined to deny their foes. The record of twenty of their number killed and 100 wounded has, from the military standpoint, the satisfactory accompanying statement that the loss suffered by the Boers was much greater.

The first batch of Cape rebels has been tried and condemned. Sentences of five to three years' imprisonment have been inflicted on the ringleaders. This is wholesome, not vindictive severity. There ought to be no prospect of amnesty for these culprits after the war, otherwise wanton rebellion will be regarded by the Cape Dutch as a cheap indulgence.

To die in the eighty-fourth year of his age and in the sixty-eighth year of his service has been the lot of General J. W. S. Smith, C.B., Colonel of the South Staffordshire Regiment. At his residence, Thirlemere, Leamington, passed away this veteran, who was gazetted from Sandhurst to the "Knots" in 1832, and served with it till he became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1856. His first fighting was in Central America, when he was with a detachment co-operating with a naval expedition in the ascent of the River St. Juan de Nicaragua and the capture of the forts of Castello Viejo and San Carlos. He was present in the town of Grenada at the treaty-making with the Nicaraguan Commissioners. During the Crimean War he served with distinction, receiving the Legion of Honour, the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh, the Turkish medal, and the C.B. Later he commanded a Depot Battalion at Chatham, the Camp at Shorncliffe, and a Brigade at Aldershot. These and other Staff appointments gave the veteran General many opportunities—some of which he missed—for furthering the moral and other interests of the men within his charge.

The Duchess of Fife keeps an album in which members of her family enter their private views. These are delightfully human, especially the Prince of Wales's regret that he cannot go to a race-meeting like "plain Mr. Jones," instead of running the risk of reading in some paper that he has taken to gambling, and has lost more money than he can ever pay.

The Kaiser has sent a gracious message to the *Daily Express*, the new morning paper published by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. In this communication the Kaiser expresses his desire for the maintenance of good relations between Germany and England. That is significant just now, especially after the meeting of the Emperor and the Prince of Wales at Altona. Mr. Pearson may be warmly

congratulated upon the brightness of the *Daily Express*, a marvel of neat condensation of readable news.

Lord Lonsborough, whose attack of influenza was followed by pneumonia, died on Thursday afternoon last week at his house in Grosvenor Square. He had reached the age of sixty-six, but despite the short-sightedness that necessitated the wearing of blue spectacles, he was a man of active habits, a constant driver in the Park, and an interested visitor to his estates of over fifty thousand acres in the North. He had a large hand in making the annual Scarborough Cricket Festival a success; and the London stage had no more interested patron. Lord Lonsborough, who once sat for Scarborough in Parliament, and who married a daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, succeeded his father, the first Baron Lonsborough, in 1860, and was advanced to an Earldom in 1887. He held various Volunteer commands, and was Vice-Admiral of the Yorkshire coast. His son, Viscount Raincliffe, who succeeds him, was born in 1864, is married to a sister of the Earl of Westmorland, and has an heir, born in 1892. The remains of the Earl were interred on Tuesday. According to his Lordship's wish, the coffin was borne by fishermen.

Captain Gerard Moore Heath, of the Royal Engineers, did good service fifteen years ago in Bechuanaland and ten years later on the Chitral Relief Expedition. But his greatest service is that which he has performed during the present campaign in South Africa, where he has been commanding the Balloon Section in Natal. The usefulness of the balloon service has been demonstrated over and over again during this war. It is one of the few departments that has escaped alike the censures of commanders and the cavils of the man in the street; and to Captain Heath, as a consequence, much credit is due.

Grove House, Roehampton, where the King and Queen of Sweden are residing, is surrounded by a district full of historical associations. At Bowling Green House, which is close to Grove House, Pitt lived and died, and there he fought his farcical duel with Tierney. Memories of the famous Marquis of Bristol, too, cling around Bristol House, another mansion in the immediate neighbourhood.

Canon Spooner, who has been appointed to the vacant Archdeaconry of Canterbury, is a graduate of Balliol. Like Dr. Temple, he took first-class classical honours, and was for a time Fellow and Lecturer at Magdalen College. Canon Spooner is a Broad Churchman.

Mr. Abel John Ram, Q.C., the successor of Mr. Bosanquet, Q.C., as Recorder of Wolverhampton, has held a similar post at Hanley since 1891. The son of the late Rev. A. J. Ram, of Clonatin, County Wexford, and Jane Stopford, daughter of the third Earl of Courtown, he was born at Ilam, Staffs, in 1842. Educated at Repton and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself, he was called to the Bar in 1873, and joined the Oxford Circuit. His experiences range as a Revising Barrister, a Bench of the Inner Temple, and a member of the Bar Council. In 1874 Mr. Ram married Mary Grace, daughter of the thirteenth Lord Inchiquin.

Already the Paris Exhibition, unfinished though it be, is a great success. The number of visitors in the first week far exceeds the number that entered the Exhibition of 1889 in its earliest days. This is very distressing to French politicians like M. Méline, who wanted the Exhibition to fail.

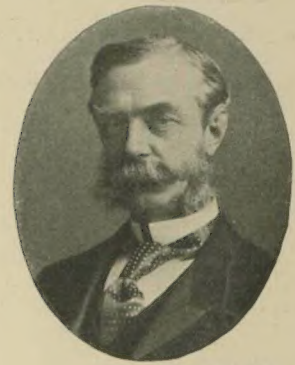


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR G. F. BONHAM,
New British Representative at Belgrade.

Photo. Bassano.

COLONEL DALGETY,
The Defender of Wepener.

Photo. Bryces, Toronto.

CAPTAIN A. H. MACDONELL,
Royal Canadian Infantry.

Photo. Bull & Co., Leamington.

THE LATE GENERAL J. W. S. SMITH.



Photo. Knight.

TROOPER TOM MORRIS,
New South Wales Lancers; the first Colonial
to win the V.C.

Photo. Farrand.

MR. A. J. RAM, Q.C.



OUR ARTIST UNDER FIRE: MR. VILLIERS TAKEN FOR A BOER BY A SUFFOLK PICKET NEAR NAAUWPOORT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist himself.

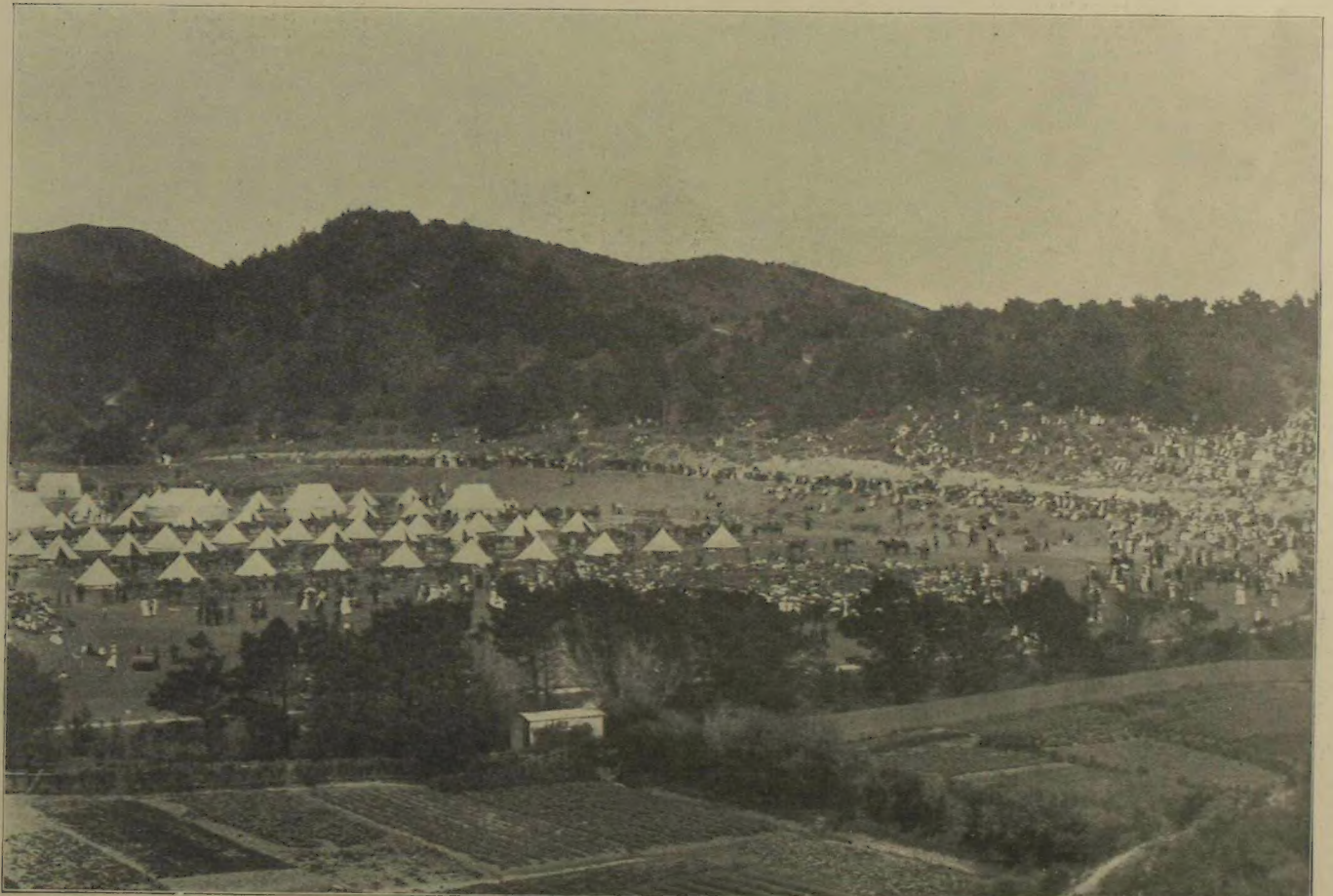


Photo. Castle, Wellington, New Zealand.

CAMP AT WELLINGTON OF THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA: TROOPS AND VISITING VOLUNTEER CORPS DRAWN UP FOR DIVINE SERVICE, CONDUCTED BY THE CHAPLAIN, BISHOP WALLIS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses, fifty in number, were reviewed at the Viceregal Lodge on Thursday last week by the Sovereign who has given them her name. The weather was kinder to the nurses than it had been to anybody else, and the Queen saw Ireland for the first time under a sun that did honour to the spring. In the afternoon, more nurses. These were thirty in number, and represented the various city hospitals. The dinner-party that evening was distinguished from others of the series by the presence of a Cardinal, Archbishop Logue of Armagh. On Friday the Queen visited the Zoological Gardens, and had the "baby bear," aged six months, presented to her; also the lion cubs, who were in a very bad temper. During the drive that afternoon the carriage, drawn by four bays, paused at the gate of the Meath Hospital and Dublin County Infirmary. Nurses and patients, amid a flutter of flags, were grouped on the steps of the main door, in accordance with arrangements personally made by the Earl of Denbigh. Sir Reginald Guinness, D.L., and Sir W. Porter were presented to the Queen; so was a bouquet of flowers, which her Majesty accepted from the hands of Sister Eleanor Lyons. Then the Convent of Loretto at Rathfarnham, with its more than a hundred nuns, was visited. Mother-General Corcoran and others were presented by Lord Denbigh; and more flowers and an address completed the little ceremony, with which the Queen was reported to be particularly pleased, as she had been by her visit, a few days earlier, to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, a teaching order of nuns that has educated in England and France the members of many of the most distinguished Roman Catholic families.

On Saturday afternoon the review of troops in the Phoenix Park brought together the record crowd of the Queen's visit. The Duke of Connaught, in command, was accompanied by the Duchess, by Countess Cadogan, and other ladies, who rode with the Staff. These ladies were not the only untoward elements of the concourse of military—some deer, too, somehow got mixed up with the horses and men. The Sunday afternoon drive embraced visits to St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, and to Luttrellstown, the residence of Lord Annaly. At the first place her Majesty was told by Father Geoghegan that the Lord Chief Justice of England was an "old boy" of the College, at which she smiled, and at the second, tea was served to her in her carriage.

On Tuesday her Majesty visited the Mater Misericordia Hospital and the Masonic Female Orphans' School. The death of the Duke of Argyll has, of course, made some difference to the arrangements at the Viceregal Lodge, the engagements of various hands being cancelled.

The last week of the visit has been full of occupations; and the "rest" which the Queen said she had gone to Ireland to get had hardly been hers up to Thursday, on which day she brought to an end her historic and in every way successful visit to the Irish capital.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The death of the Duke of Argyll took place on Tuesday morning at Inveraray Castle, the result of an attack of gout which had kept him prostrate from the end of last year. His indefatigable energy had been maintained almost to the end of his life of seventy-seven years. Not long ago, when he was addressing a Unionist meeting in Glasgow, he was seized with sudden illness. His death was then believed to be imminent, but the next news of him was that he was dictating to a reporter the remainder of his interrupted speech. His last drive was taken a few days before New Year's Day of 1900; and during the four months that intervened before his death, he had the most assiduous care from his wife, and was able by sudden rallyings to raise hopes almost for his recovery. His children, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lord George Campbell, summoned to Inveraray, left it again before the end came; but Lord Archibald Campbell, Lady Victoria Campbell, and Lady Frances Balfour were with their father when he died, and so was the Duchess of Argyll.

Perhaps only the Duke of Argyll himself could do full justice to the Duke of Argyll's career. It seemed to have surface contradictions. He was an Individualist whom the crowd might easily fail to understand. He was a philosopher and the author of "The Reign of Law," yet as a politician was peppery; and his oratory was, on occasion, stately and powerful. His hot words about a pronouncement of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's need not be recalled, since they were the subject of an apology. Possibly, too, the author of the "found out" phrase as applied to the Government of Lord Beaconsfield was regretted when the days drew on for the parting of Mr. Gladstone and the Duke, who disliked Irish Land Acts nearly as much as he disliked the Land Nationalisation schemes of "the prophet of San Francisco," as he called Mr. George; and who reverted to the Whiggery that was in his blood when Mr. Gladstone confessed himself to the world a Home Ruler. The connection between the two statesmen had been both long and intimate. The Duke (who had this in common with his future chief: that he was a pamphleteer at the age of nineteen) was Secretary of State for India during Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, a post to which he brought the experiences of past office held under Palmerston and Aberdeen. His subsequent political career included his tenure, for the third time, of the office of Lord Privy Seal.

The Duke was thrice married: first to the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland; next to the daughter of Bishop Claughton, of St. Albans; and, thirdly, to Ina, daughter of the late Archibald McNeill, of Colonsay. The succession of the Marquis of Lorne to the Dukedom makes a Parliamentary vacancy in South Manchester, and changes the title of a daughter of the Queen, who now ceases to bear a name to which she has brought so great a popularity, and becomes the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

FIELD TACTICS: "OLD VERSUS NEW."

BY COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P.
(To the Editor of "The Illustrated London News.")

Sir,—You tell me that the matters raised at the Royal United Service Institution on April 9, and which are to be discussed next Monday afternoon, have suggested to you some pictorial thoughts: "Old versus New." That is the contention, not only in military tactics, but in all things, of every day and every hour in it. The Old retreats slowly before the New. But its march has been enormously accelerated in field movements by modern weapons of war. What was good in times gone by, yesterday, and even this morning, may be bad this noontide. War is nothing but a game of skill first, then of luck. The adversaries must adapt themselves to each other—to hostile weapons, to hostile movements, to the enemy's country.

South Africa, during the past six months, has been rich in deeds of gallantry and heroism, of bulldog courage, of

who didn't trouble to wait "one, two, three, four" before showing?

"Dig, dig, dig." Commandant-General, Commandant, and Field-Cornet have unceasingly given the Boer equivalent for this incentive. Trenches—deep or shallow, piled earth or scattered, as circumstances dictated: rifle-pits far down, small openings; cave at bottom, step for firing—such has been the work of the enemy. No spades, bad spades, no entrenching on organised plan, has been the story of Spion Kop and other positions. "No practice," says Tommy. Farmer Giles's land must not be interfered with in manoeuvres. England is too poor to compensate him, and poor little England—pauper London—has no Government land on which to train its soldiers or even drill them.

Yes, this is the Old! Dear old Old! It has done great work, good work. But is it war up-to-date?

"Hide and shoot" is, you say, the first lesson in the new game. It is very effective. Never show yourself. Just the finger-joints of the left hand, one eye for a second, no smoke, and your man is down at 2000 yards or over!

"I suppose our officers will some day learn the value of scouting." Thus spoke and wrote a great General, not in an arm-chair by his fireside, but on the battlefield, with shot and shell falling round him. "Some day," but when?

In the meantime "they blunder right into the midst of the enemy." More than one, more than two, more than ten sad proofs to the General's words have since been furnished. The military geography of South Africa is difficult: rich in kopje and donga and watercourse—in defensive position and hiding-place. The distances are enormous. Man and beast cannot go beyond the power of their legs, the tether of their stomachs. But neither eyes, nor heads, nor intelligence, nor imagination have played the required part. "What a lark!" Four officers out for a promenade chivy a party of Boers. An escort escorts a convoy "from the rear." But why multiply instances?

Oh, the noise of the volley—the pleasure of hearing a score of rifles go off like one! "Clap your hands together as one man" when you stand at ease, says the drill-instructor at Caterham. The ladies' hearts are won. "Action front," says the battery captain, "and let them have it!" "Them" is too often a hill where the enemy was half an hour ago, a bush, or wood, or place where he should be, if he "played the game." If no rifleman can fire until he sees, ten thousand times should no gun fire without definite object. A cartridge is nothing. A shell is much—in money, in bulk; and the number is limited.

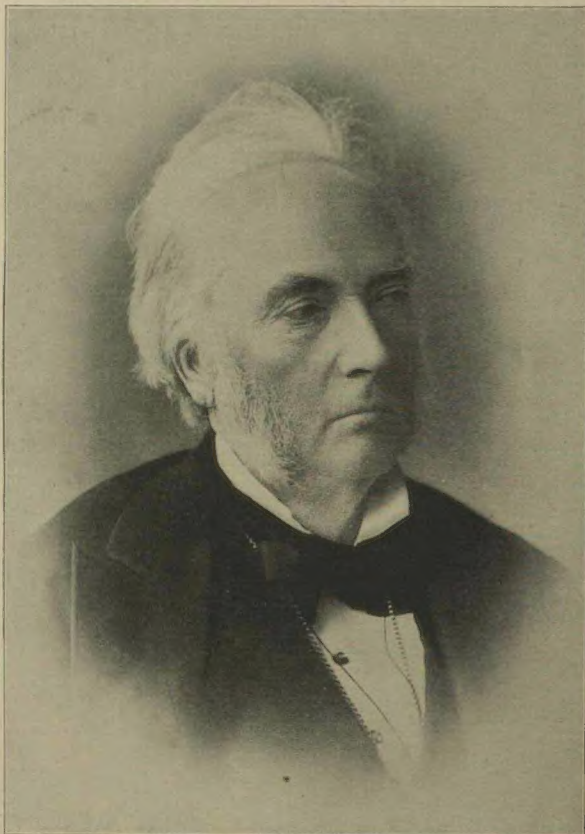
"Man for shot," you say, should be the theory and the practice. You are right. It cannot always be. The object should be to make it so as often as possible. You are in favour of the New against the Old. Is it best? If the friends of the New are sincere they must neglect no opportunity of overcoming the adherents of the Old. The latter are many. They are big men in big places. They are on the defensive, and that is, as we have seen, much in war. But let New and Old meet on Monday in the Royal United Service Institution. My aim only has been to give thoughts to the thoughtful. C. E. H. V.

RHODESIAN ARMoured TRAIN.

Our Illustrations show the Rhodesian armoured train at work during the month of October last year. In position, two miles south of the Pools in Bechuanaland, it did its work effectively under Captain Llewellyn, of the British South Africa Police. For example, an engagement of fifty minutes' duration resulted in no casualties on our side, but in the killing of eight Boers and the wounding of others. The range was from 500 to 1200 yards, and the Boers' Mauser bullets—some of them—struck the armour-plates of the train. Their shooting was, however, generally condemned as bad when, over afternoon tea at the Pools, the situation was discussed by the victorious Britishers, greatly exhilarated by their coming from the fray scot-free. On another occasion, when the Boer Camp, seen in Illustration 2, was put under fire from our Maxims and Lee-Metford rifles, thirty-three Boers fell, and a span of cattle was turned right over into the bed of the river in the rear, whither the Boers fled for shelter from our shots. Another illustration shows Mochudi, the base camp of the Rhodesian forces, used principally for commissariat work, and the scene of their Christmas festivities; while a fourth gives a view of Gaberones Station, thirty-three miles from Mochudi, which was the base of active operation. The Boer camp is indicated by a cross on the left of the station, which is on the border of the town.

OUR COLONIAL AUXILIARIES.

On another page we have described the interesting corps of Amazons organised by Lady Douglas, of Wellington, New Zealand, in aid of the "More Men Fund." From Wellington also comes our illustration of the camp of the corps for service in South Africa, taken at the moment when the troops were drawn up for Divine service, which was conducted by Bishop Wallis. The recruiting activity of Greater Britain continues also in Australia, and New South Wales has sent off to the front a portion of the Imperial Bushmen. The contingent numbered 750 officers and men, with 800 horses. Earl Beauchamp, the Governor of the colony, paid a special visit to the Bushmen at Rookwood, and, in addressing the men, referred to the day as a great one in the history of Australia. His Excellency wished the troops "Godspeed" and a safe return. The Premier of New South Wales also paid a high tribute to the corps, and in particular to Colonel Mackay.



THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Photo Lendhardt.

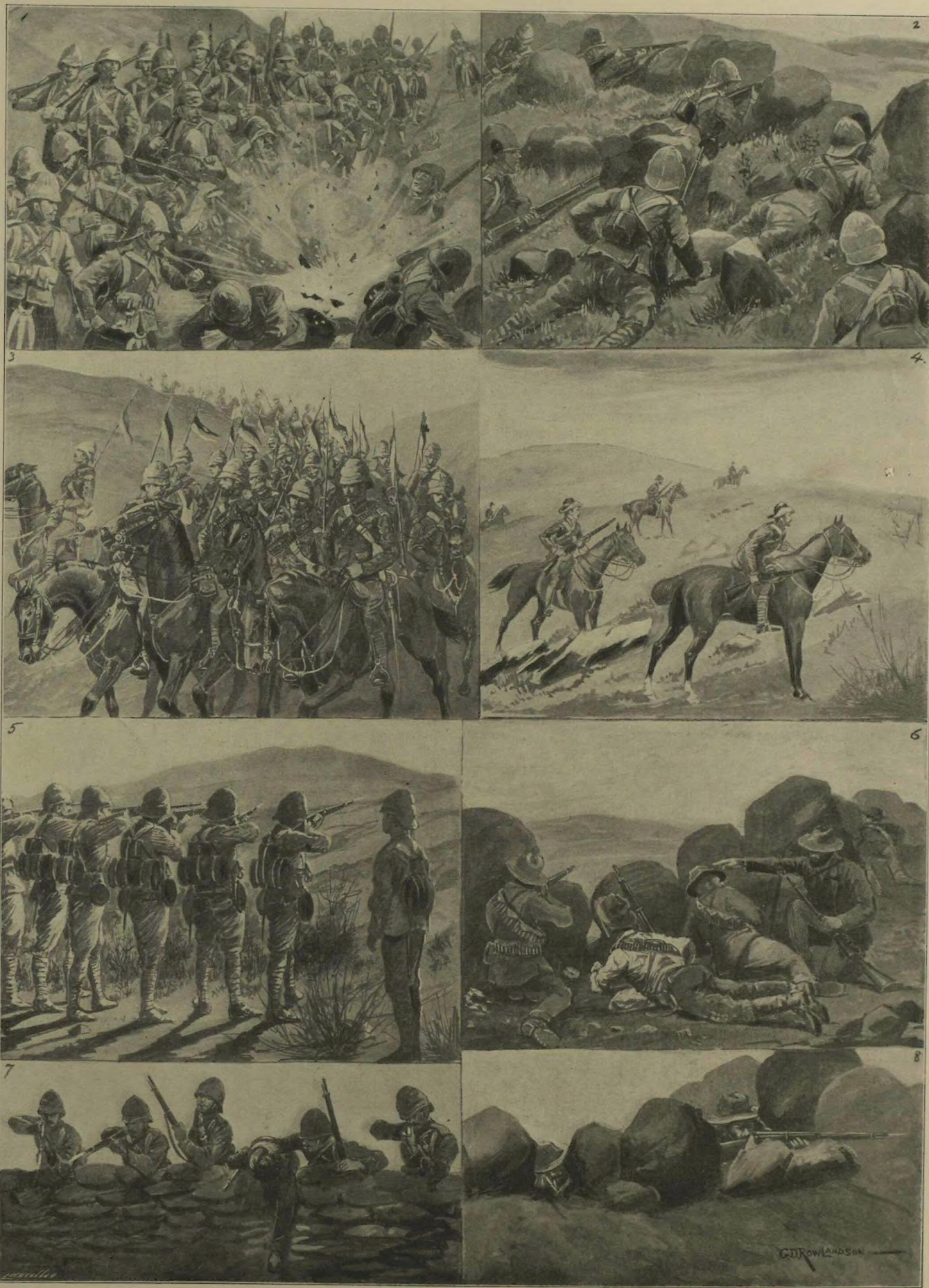
unswerving determination, of contempt of death and danger. But has it shown the same adaptability to circumstances in the southern as in the northern force, in the British as in the Boer? Tradition is strong on one side, war of to-day on the other. There is much to be said for the solid phalanx in military movement. It takes a great many men very quickly over the ground. It keeps them together, easy to guide, to supervise, to control—a disciplined, an ordered, against a straggling, body. But columns, quarter columns, close columns, though they have this merit, though they preserve direction, offer admirable marks for the enemy, and, even if unseen by him, give ample scope to bursting shell, to the two hundred bullets in a shrapnel, fired over their heads. This is, I take it, the origin of your sketch, "Waiting for Shell."

Then "Cavalry in Column of Route." How splendid they look! Lance-pennants may be furled. But the lances are there, held by big men on big horses—sections and files close-locked, "magnifique, mais pas la guerre," as at Balacava.

"Now, all together!" We of the infantry know that caution. Mr. Brock, at the Crystal Palace on a Thursday evening, gives it to his rocket staff. The galleries are in raptures. Was there ever such a splendid noise? After the word "Present" the section-leader should count "four" before giving the word to fire, says the Hythe-trained instructor. The result is the same as that achieved by the pyrotechnist. The Captain, the Colonel, the General are delighted. "Well done—an excellent volley!" So it was—in noise, but what about the target, what about dead men, dead horses? Of course, if the enemy had, "Arab-like," chosen to come on in serried mass of horse or foot, nothing could be better than the volley—a rain of lead in his midst; but what if each rifleman had to take separate aim at a dodging individual

OLD TACTICS VERSUS NEW.

BASED ON COLONEL SIR H. VINCENT'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.



1. Infantry Shelled while Advancing in Close Column.

3. Cavalry Advancing in Column of Route.

5. Company Standing and Firing a Volley at Nothing. Sergeant: "Now, all together"—like Brock at the Crystal Palace.

7. Infantry Firing over Sandbags, and Showing Half their Bodies.

2. Infantry Advancing in Open Order, and Taking Advantage of all Cover.

4. Mounted Infantry Advancing, each two Files at Twenty Yards' Interval from the Next.

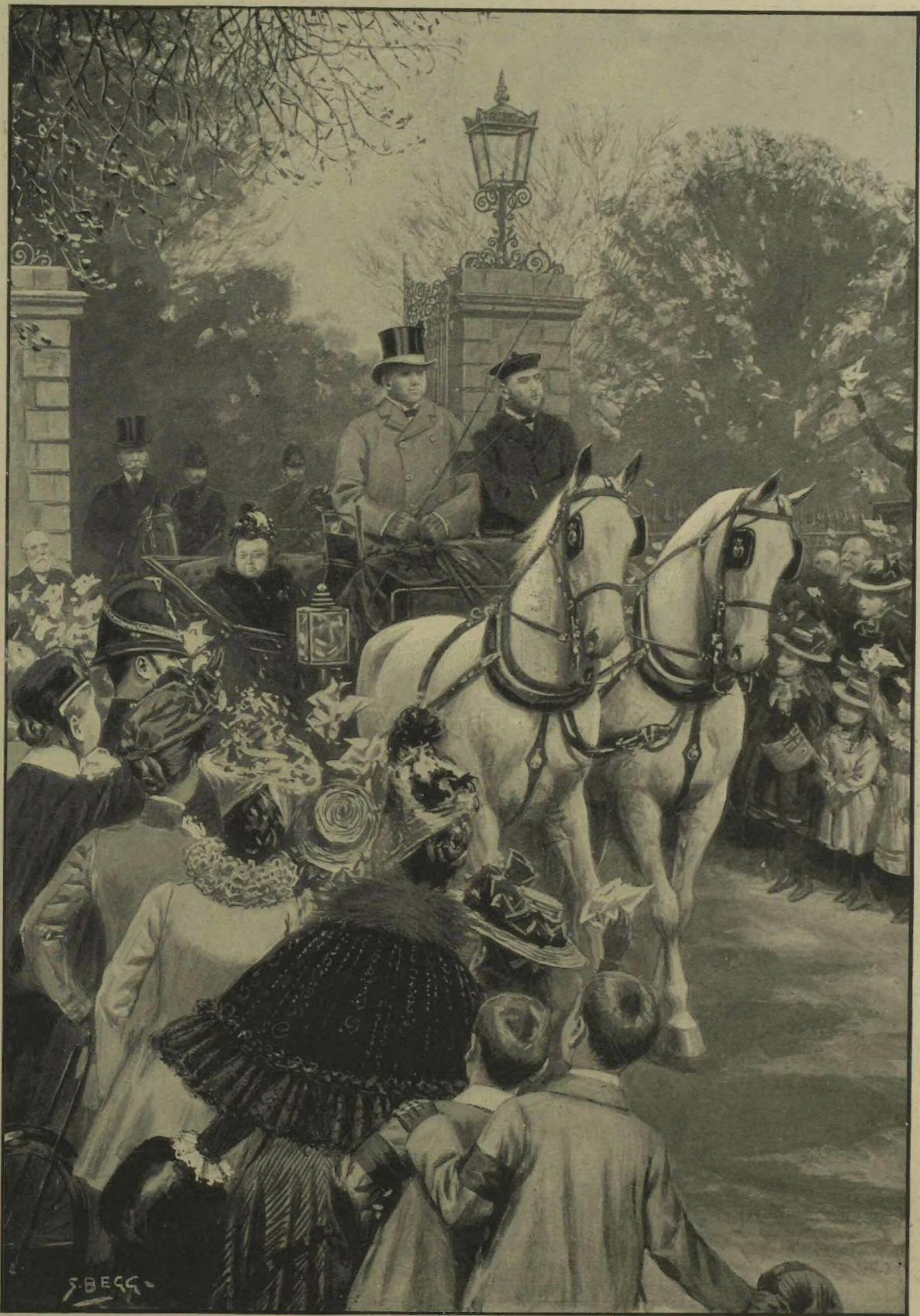
6. Boers behind Cover. Boer: "Shoot only when you see something to shoot at. And don't show yourselves."

8. A Boer Firing from Cover, and Exposing as Little as Possible of Himself.



THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: HER MAJESTY DRIVING BY THE SHORE OF DUBLIN BAY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg.



THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE VICEROYAL LODGE FOR HER USUAL AFTERNOON DRIVE.



THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: VISIT OF HER MAJESTY TO THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, DUBLIN.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: DOCTORS OF THE ADELAIDE HOSPITAL PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Holland Tringham.



THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: REVIEW OF THE TROOPS OF THE DUBLIN GARRISON AND THE CURRAGH CAMP IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg.

BLACKPOOL.

HISTORIC FOR HEALTH.

PARAMOUNT FOR PLEASURE.

The fine compliment paid by the Marquis of Lorne to the glories and healthful qualities of Blackpool as a seaside resort deserves the fullest prominence at a time when the mind of the million is turning for a brief respite from the cares of everyday circumstance and the added anxiety of the war to the more agreeable contemplation of the usual holiday. At the close of his visit to the Lancashire watering-place last September, the noble Lord said, "If he compared Blackpool with other health-resorts, such as Biarritz and similar places, the former haven of health had no cause to fear, for one moment, the comparison. In Blackpool the air was soft, and pleasant, and bracing; and the sight of the leagues of breakers bursting on the shallows, the grand Promenade, and the triple array of piers, extending far into the water, was a most remarkable sight, and was worth going many miles to see." The expressed delight of the distinguished Marquis with the climate and conditions of Blackpool is typical of the feeling engendered in all who have any real acquaintance with the resort. In the hands of some Southerners, however, there appears to prevail the erroneous impression that Blackpool is almost entirely devoted to catering for and entertaining the cheaper class of excursionists.

Nothing could be further from the truth, and the ignorance of those who talk and write of the resort as a place set apart for trippers is self-evident. That eminent writer Mr. George R. Sims, who has aptly described Blackpool as "a Wonderland by the waves," by repeatedly expressing his whole-hearted admiration of the health and pleasure giving qualities of the resort, has done much to enlighten the Southern mind as to the really remarkable advantages the town has over other sea-side resorts, and his views are cordially shared by all intimate with modern Blackpool. It is true that, like other resorts, during the August month, when the annual holidays of the operatives in numerous towns throughout Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands are taken, the great majority show their unswerving favouritism of Blackpool above all other places; but August does not represent the best of the Blackpool season in any way. During August the town is busy beyond the dreams of other watering-places, and the immense crowds of people, representing all sorts and conditions of society, furnish of themselves an exhilarating sight. The earlier season, however, does not suffer by this great invasion, and from April onwards the resort is full of life and colour and movement. From the beginning of spring to the setting in of winter the charms and attractions of the town are of an unusually high order. This year an early season has been inaugurated by the Corporation, and as the assistance of the entertainment companies and other pleasure-providers has been lent to the movement, early visitors are able to participate in the myriad delights of the resort, with all the advantages of freedom from the usual summer exodus to the sea. The pleasure and the beneficial results of a sojourn at Blackpool during the earlier months of the season are incalculable.

As a health-resort, Blackpool undoubtedly occupies the pre-eminent position among the watering-places of the three kingdoms. The invigorating and curative properties of its splendid sea and air are historic; indeed, it was the rejuvenating effects of the Blackpool climate that first brought the locality into prominence. The westerly winds, which prevail throughout most of the year, are laden with ozone, iodine, bromine, and saline particles of the ocean, and thus possess chemical qualities of an intensely bracing character. The town is practically built along the edge of the sea, and the bi-daily advance of the waves flush up to the hulk—and oftentimes over the Promenade—sweetens and refreshes the whole atmosphere continually. The sanitary condition of the town is jealously safeguarded; the water-supply (owned by the local authorities) is excellent; and as a result the bill of health is of a most enviable character. The extremely low death-rate is easily accounted for, however, when it is borne in mind that the climate is wonderfully equable—the summer cool, and the winter not severe.

The equability of the climate has been attributed by a writer of marked ability to the Atlantic being a storehouse of heat from which, during the winter season, the northern parts of Britain drew ten times more heat than the southern parts, and that consequently the winter climate of the western coast is from two to six degrees warmer than that of the east. The mighty expanse of ocean, surging, as it does, right up the whole front of the town, cools the summer air as a spray does a heated room, and thus, by the particularly favouring influences of the Gulf Stream, an evenness of temperature is experienced. These facts are well appreciated by many medical men, and thousands of patients are recommended to Blackpool as the most suitable place for renewing the constitution. But, while due preference is given to natural healthiness, the many other features of the town are remarkable enough for special mention. Taking advantage of Nature's

beneficent endowments, the mind and the hand of man has gone forward with improvements to such an extent that Blackpool, solely as a borough, today stands as the most unique and most enterprising in the world. The inhabitants have been favoured with a Corporation who have carried out huge and elaborate public improvements, and furthered astounding private ventures such as no other resort can hope to imitate. Of the public improvements, the magnificent Promenade, the new Marine Esplanades, and the finely effective control of the tramways, the electric lighting, gas, and water undertakings are monuments to the truly progressive spirit exhibited by the Corporate body.

In private ventures Blackpool stands absolutely unrivalled. No other watering-place on the face of the globe can compare with Blackpool for amusement and entertainment of visitors. Blackpool has been named "The City of Palaces of Pleasure by the Sea," and it well deserves the designation. It is essentially a resort where the pleasures of the hour are in the ascendant, and the provision made for the enjoyment of such pleasures is a remarkable recognition of that spirit which is beginning to recognise pure and intelligent amusement as a need that must be met. Three magnificent piers—the North, the Central, and the Victoria (or South)—run from the Promenade far out into the sea, and, in addition to providing healthy and engaging promenades, cater in a most lavish fashion for the pleasure and entertainment of visitors with high-class vocal and instrumental concerts, variety performances, dancing, and other attractions. Two imposing and palatial entertainment palaces look out on the sea. The Tower—which includes a fine 500 ft. tower, a grand aquatic and variety circus, a fairy-like aquarium, well-stocked menagerie, charming roof-gardens, Old English Village, and superbly decorated ball-room—occupies a commanding site on the Promenade, and visitors are entertained in accordance with the nature of the departments mentioned. The Alhambra, a

The gradual shelving of the beach and the entire absence of strong currents give Blackpool the right to the title of the finest bathing-ground in the world. The sands are so clean and firm, and free from shingle, and the air so nicely tempered that the most nervous or delicately constituted may enjoy open sea-bathing without apprehension. The beach itself is a veritable children's paradise. The universally acknowledged security of the sands, and the name they have gained as being admirably suited, in cleanliness and consistency, to the digging and delving, the castle-building and the bucketting, and all the other things which serve to furnish happy hours to childhood, are matters of importance to household holiday-makers and others having authority over children's visits to the sea-side. Boating facilities are provided by an abundance of row-boats, and sailing-yachts, each in charge of experienced seamen (who are specially licensed by the Corporation after most searching inquiry as to fitness), put out regularly during fair weather for short sails and cruises. More extended voyages are provided for by fleets of excellently appointed pleasure-steamers, attached to the North and Central Piers. Through the medium of these fast-going boats Blackpool is made a fine centre for a visit to neighbouring resorts. The steamers daily visit the Isle of Man, the Welsh watering-places, and the nearer resorts, and the visitor staying in Blackpool is therefore enabled to leave headquarters in the morning, inspect another watering-place during the day, and return the same evening.

The opportunities thus afforded are greatly appreciated, and add enjoyment and variety to a spring or summer holiday. The same comprehensive means of travelling rules on land. In connection with the Corporation Promenade and tramways a line runs to the neighbouring resorts of St. Anne's and Lytham to the south, and along the cliffs to the shipping port of Fleetwood to the north. The connection of these three systems provides a unique sea-coast ride of about twenty miles, the view alternating between open sea, distant sea, and pretty landscape.

In the case of the more quietly disposed visitor, the "gentle art" of fishing furnishes sufficient enjoyment and reward. Boats may be hired for the purpose of line-fishing, or the pier jetties used for the same purpose. The cliffs at North Shore are also of great geological interest, some remarkable fossils having been discovered in the clayey deposits, in addition to markedly contrasting land and sea views obtained therefrom. At the south end the stretch of sand dunes affords a most pleasing idyllic place in the warmer weather. There are, indeed, so many and varied means of enjoyment in and about Blackpool that it is difficult to tell where they end. Something new is always being brought forward, and such is the name for enterprise the town has won, that something more remarkable is always expected. The business aspect of the town has greatly improved in recent years. Many fine new establishments have sprung up, and the business thoroughfares now compare favourably with city routes. The tradesmen have imbibed the enterprising spirit of the town, and for novelty of goods and display of stock, vie with any home or foreign establishments.

The district surrounding the town is well studded with places of quaint and historical interest, and these may be reached by train, tram, or by any of the vast number of vehicles with which Blackpool is supplied. Enough has been written to show that Blackpool is admirably suited to the tastes of all intending holiday-makers. Historic for health, paramount for pleasure, the town and his wife are certain to enjoy a visit. Even in wet weather—the great bugbear of holiday enjoyment—Blackpool stands superior to other resorts. Over a hundred thousand people can be sheltered and entertained at the same time, and the means of reaching any desired part of the town are so complete as to obviate any inconvenience. In the earlier months of the season—April, May, June, and July—the town offers charming residence. The promenades, thoroughfares, and places of entertainment are not so crowded, and the individual pleasure therefore higher. The spring and early summer air is splendidly suited to restoring enervated constitutions, and the manifold glories of earth, sea, air, and sky appeal to the finer senses with irresistible force. To bask in the sunshine on the Promenade and watch the life on the sands, the dazzling reflection of the sun on the iridescent waters, and to breathe in the life-giving ozone and phosphorus from the sea, brings home the words "How sweet is life," causes care to be forgotten and inspires a new confidence in the future. For there are health and good spirits in every breath from the tranquil or turbulent waves and the magnificent seascape of breezy Blackpool.

Another important consideration in connection with the earlier season is the obtaining of apartments. The town offers almost unlimited choice. High-class hydros, public and private hotels, boarding-houses, company-houses, and furnished houses abound, and as these are specially adapted and staffed for the entertaining of company, the utmost comfort and convenience is assured in the earlier season, when the establishments are not too crowded for efficient service. Blackpool is easily reached from any part of the country, and express trains run regularly. Tourist and cheap bookings are offered by all railway companies.



GENERAL VIEW OF BLACKPOOL FROM THE SEA.

new pile of buildings, includes a fine circus, a most modern theatre of varieties, a magnificent ball-room, etc., and pleasures of a most varied order are provided. The Winter Gardens, which include a pretty Floral Hall, a grand pavilion, impressive ball-room, Indian Lounge, etc., are only a minute's walk from the beach, and visitors are afforded a fine choice of entertainment. In addition there are two capitally appointed theatres, an Empire Theatre of Varieties, a Great Wheel, and other palaces and grounds.

But, over and above the number of places of entertainment, the amount of capital sunk in the buildings, the entrancing interior decorations, and the programmes arranged need emphasising—as at no other place in the world can so much be seen and heard at the popular prices adopted in Blackpool. The general appearance of the town is clean, well-ordered, and attractive.

From the Promenade a most glorious sea view, uninterrupted as far as the coast of Ireland is obtained. It is a grand sea. Full of the wild bliss of Nature, it rolls in to the hulk in glittering calmness or in tempestuous triumph, and kisses the beholder before retiring. The Promenade, which is being extended further to the south, sweeps with gentle undulation over a distance of three miles, and connects a stretch of pleasant sand dunes at the south with interesting cliffs at the north. From this vantage-point most exquisite sunset, cloud, and seascape glories meet the eye; and at times of high tide the water-spectacle is an unparalleled sight. At the north end of the town a new and most admirable scheme of marine esplanades, protected from strong winds, has been completed. The esplanades include a fine lower walk, with protecting hulk, and an asphalted, grass-banked middle walk for pedestrians, bath-chairs, and light carriages. Heavy traffic and cyclists are not allowed on the walk, which commands most magnificent scenery, and quieter visitors, convalescents, and invalids are thus secured the advantages of a charming, exclusive promenade. The electric tramway, which is provided with the most comfortable, commodious, and up-to-date saloon-cars, runs the entire length of the Promenade, and the facilities afforded for taking the air and viewing the seascape and the life about the beach are, as may be imagined, at once a source of pleasure and physical profit.

LADIES' PAGE.

Great praise has reached me from Dublin of the ladies who organised so admirably and kindly the visit of the children from Irish schools, and even of the waifs and strays of the capital, to see their Queen. It is a great piece of business to get thirty thousand children in safety to and from a given spot, and to supply them one and all with a sufficient meal to prevent hunger exhausting them in the course of the proceedings. Not only the organisation, but the actual physical labour of cutting sandwiches, packing bags, arranging hampers, etc., was undertaken by Dublin ladies; and all went off without a hitch. Another "set" of women were delighted by the permission given by the Queen to Princess Christian to express her Majesty's sympathy with the higher education of girls at the opening of the new buildings of Alexandra College—the pioneer institution for such culture in Dublin. Irish girls make excellent scholars, and carry off many of the prizes and scholarships that are open equally to both sexes at the Royal Irish University. The poor and clever Irish girls have an advantage over the similar class of English ones in the shape of scholarships worth about £5000 given annually from the funds of the disestablished Irish Church; and they profit well by the opportunity. Lord Cadogan, in a happy address at that same function, referred to the greatest and most precious of all the many benefits that the life of Queen Victoria has conferred on us, her women subjects—namely, that she has supplied, "in that illustrious life, an example of the combination of ideals which should guide and assist everyone who has at heart the welfare of women." It is precisely in that way that, over and above her direct labours for the public, the Queen has been of so much help to the women of her own and doubtless of future times: she has proven once for all that an essentially public life, one lived before the world and in contact with and exerting direct influence upon the greatest affairs of State, can be perfectly combined with an admirable discharge of private domestic duty and with womanliness of character and conduct.

An amusing paper of reminiscences of the Queen's first visit to Ireland has been written by the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby (a son of Lord Bessborough), who was Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant at the time of that visit. He was then a young man of about twenty, and he mentions rather tragically that of all the many people (apart from the royal family) named in the course of his account, "those who have not passed into another world are only Lady Congleton, Lord Buller, and myself." The recollections serve to remind us that the Queen's position is not without its little drawbacks. Mr. Ponsonby stood behind the Queen at the Dublin Levée, and "could not help noticing how very frequently, from excess of loyalty on the part of her subjects, her Majesty had to dry her hand on her handkerchief"! Then he found a Court evening an excessively dull affair: all the men stood the whole time; the Queen sat at a table with the wife of the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Leinster, and Prince Albert walked about and talked to the other people, and "nobody else said a word." By the way, Irish people have never had any personal reason to complain of the Queen's being unwilling to have them around her—quite the contrary. Even now, by her Majesty's choice, the governesses of her grandchildren's children are often Irish, ladies of that nationality having been selected recently for taking charge of the children of the Empress of Russia and the Crown Princess of Roumania.

The Cape authorities have found it necessary to send home a message requesting that well-to-do "trippers" will not just at present choose South Africa for their excursions. It is obvious that an influx of people anywhere must make food and accommodation dearer, and that this must be prejudicial to the ordinary residents. In Paris, I hear, the mere expectation of the crowds who have not yet arrived has raised most articles of common necessity fifty per cent. Ladies are specially warned off from the Cape in the message from Sir A. Milner, and the crowd of amateur nurses who persist in going over to look after the wounded must not suppose that their well-meant efforts are either needed or appreciated. The trained nurses' services, on the other hand, are intensely valued,

though even they cannot, save in a very few cases, get to or even near the front. A touching account comes to hand of a dinner given by the soldiers to a nurse who was left in Ladysmith to stand the siege. She had sole charge of the fever hospital, and was terribly overworked; and at length she contracted typhoid fever herself. After her recovery, some of the men organised a festival, at which she was entertained with horse-beef in various forms, and was served also with a handful of spinach, which had cost the generous-hearted and grateful hosts no less a sum than fifteen shillings!

Taking time by the forelock, the New Gallery opened its doors to the usual smart crowd of Private Viewers a fortnight earlier than the similar function at the Academy is due. Fine weather during the preceding week brought to the Private View a capital number of new costumes. Crêpe-de-Chine and silk were the materials of some of the best gowns, but spring cloths were most worn. Satin cloth and fine tweed in khaki colour were popular. Pastel blue and rose and a dainty blue-bell purple were also specially favoured. Foulard, most dainty and fashionable of materials in combination with lace, was frequently adopted. Lady Harrison wore a gown of khaki cloth, with an entire front of white silk laid in tiny tuckings, having bands of lace inserted in strips at intervals, the joinings being made by herring-bone stitchings

jewellery worn. The Parisian Diamond Company is happily at hand for the succour of those whose worldly wealth will not extend to the limitless thousands that modern fashion desires to spend on pearls and diamonds alone. The Parisian diamonds and the unique pearls that can be seen at the Company's establishments alone—85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, or 43, Burlington Arcade—will fill all gaps in the jewel-case satisfactorily, with the comforting reflection that even experts are deceived by the excellence of these beautifully designed ornaments.

My Paris correspondent, who keeps me *au fait* of all fashion matters in the Gay City, writes to me that the costumes worn at the opening of the Exhibition were very smart. Madame Loubet being an elegant and "dressty" woman, the Ambassadors and other official guests wear handsome toilettes at all functions to match. The gown of Madame la Présidente at the opening was in the most delicate grey-green voile; it was made with a plastron from neck to feet of cream lace graduated to the figure—narrow at the waist and widening above and below. A fold of the material separated the centre of lace on the bodice from a bolero of the same airy fabric, and the dividing line was emphasised by choux of black velvet on either side at the bust. The sides of the skirt were pleated, and so were the tops of the sleeves. The Italian

Ambassadors wore fould in a design of mauve on a black ground, with insertions of black lace over white silk linings.

The tone which the French call "beige" is very nearly the same as khaki, and it is extremely fashionable in Paris as well as in London. It combines excellently with every other colour imaginable—pink, blue, scarlet, white, and black all "go" well with this tone, curiously and suddenly endeared to us by its association with the brave fellows who are fighting the Empire's battles. It is an ideal colour for cycling, or for travelling, or for visiting the Paris Exhibition, or any other enterprise when dust must be expected, for it will not show any trace of the fact if it be even soaked in clouds of driven sand. The combined fashionableness and utility of the colour has led an important firm in the seat of the woollen industry, Leeds, to give themselves up wholly to making a costume cloth in khaki in various tones and in several varieties of "rib," or smoothness of face. It is manufactured from pure soft wool in the lightest as well as in heavier weights, and middlemen's profits being avoided, the cloths are excellent value for the moderate prices asked. If any of my readers will send a postcard mentioning this paper, and asking for patterns, they will be willingly sent free by the manufacturers of this capital material

for a spring gown—the Khaki Serge Company, Atheneum Buildings, Park Lane, Leeds—who will also send parcels, carriage paid, to any part of the kingdom.

One of our Illustrations this week shows the way in which a scarf is arranged at the bust of a tailor-gown with fringed ends falling thence. The gown itself is in light cloth—one of the khaki cloths just described, for instance—banded with white, and the scarf and sash are of black satin, while netted lace and long fringes adorn bolero and skirt. The toque is of white gauze, trimmed with lace and flowers. The other is also a light cloth dress braided and banded in white, with lace on the revers. A white silk scarf crosses the vest and reappears below the waist, finishing with fringed ends. The hat is a black picture one trimmed with ostrich-plumes.

Lady Alice Harris was married to Colonel Eyre the other day in a pretty but quiet dress of white cloth: it was trimmed deeply round the foot and on the bolero with appliqué leaves and flowers in white satin, embroidered on with white silk, and the vest and collar were of point d'Alençon. Her travelling-dress was of blue Irish tweed, made a distinguished costume by the lovely buttons on the coat, which bore a design of elaborate workmanship in coloured enamels set round with diamonds; the revers were of white satin, and the toque of cloth the same as the dress. All kinds of enamel are very much in favour, both in the shape of buttons and buckles, but few specimens so handsome as those just described are to be found.

FILomena.



A LIGHT CLOTH DRESS, BRAIDED IN WHITE.

A GOWN OF LIGHT CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH BLACK.

through which dark-blue silk peeped dimly revealed. Lady Gray had iron-grey taffetas for a deep tunic and under-bodice, with underskirt and bolero of red silk gauze piped with black satin; a black satin bow held the bolero together over the chest, whence fringed ends fell from the bust to the knee. Viscountess Maitland, anxious over the immediate departure of her husband for the front, was dressed in the new rose-coloured face cloth relieved with black satin. The Hon. Mrs. John Collier had a pretty gown of lavender and white foulard made without a tail collar, a wide one of muslin and lace lying over the shoulders; the sides of the skirt were pleated. Mrs. George Alexander had one of the best dresses in the room, a biscuit-coloured satin cloth nearly covered with embroidered *écru* muslin, the bodice draped with lace, and brightened by a pale blue chiffon vest, and worn with a picture-hat. Mrs. Henrietta Rae, being congratulated by her friends on her admirable portrait of Mr. William Cummings, the popular Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, was dressed in a brocaded silk, blue flowers on a brown ground, with large fichu and ends to the feet of brown chiffon. One of the prettiest dresses in the room was of printed panne, Princess shape, and untrimmed, the lovely material—an old rose-coloured pattern on a cream ground—being enough in itself; a little lace appeared near the neck. Another good gown was in beige cloth, the bolero, belt, and collar edged deeply with orange panne, and the underbodice being of orange-coloured silk covered with guipure.

At great gatherings of fashionable folk such as this, the most striking feature is perhaps the quantity of

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one new lovely design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the *spécialité* of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

Truth.

"The rarely-beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

FROM

"THE DIARY OF A DAUGHTER OF EVE,"

APPEARING NOW IN

'THE WORLD OF DRESS.'

"We supped at the Carlton, in that beautiful room with the white walls and the rose-coloured chairs. Jewels were much in evidence, most of the women owing their best decoration to the Parisian Diamond Company, recognising the superior charm of exquisite design over mere value."

Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Sketch.

"That perfection to which the Parisian Diamond Company alone have attained in their pearls."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Gentlewoman.

"The designing, the mounting and setting, together with the perfect finish, of the Parisian Diamond Company's work, raise their exquisite productions in artistic merit as far above the generality of imitation jewellery as is the finest diamond work itself."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."



MRS. ARIA,

The Editor of the "World of Dress,"

writes—

"And it has been written in the Book of Fashion that you shall wear jewels. Jewels shall scintillate on your corsage, sparkle in your hair, entwine their brilliancy round your neck, and twinkle upon your ears. What a becoming order of affairs! All women look well in diamonds—and we, who would follow on the becoming path, owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company, who have invested the imitation stones with an elegance and a tact worthy of the gem-work of all the ages, while they echo every whisper of *La Mode* with an absolute fidelity. There are just now at their depots in 85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade, earrings—the latest modish revival—of the screw shape, of the drop shape, of the stud shape, and of the Creole shape, and all arranged so that the ordeal of ear-piercing need not be undergone, for they clip and screw quite securely."



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Myra's Journal.

"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"To me it is a wonderful reflection how the public taste has been educated to this jewellery, which is not an imitation, strictly speaking, but artistic and refined reproductions of gems in less expensive fashions than our prodigal Mother Nature can so far yield them to us."

85, NEW BOND STREET, W.;

(OPPOSITE MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S.)

143, REGENT STREET, W.;

(FACING LIBERTY'S, CHESHAM HOUSE.)

43, BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.

(BURLINGTON GARDENS END.)



REFLECTIONS.

THE DULL SIDE OF THINGS.

Dull brasses, dull fire-irons, dull coppers, dull windows, dull glass-ware make home a depressing picture of dull surroundings. This is not mere fancy, but the picture of many a home in which the housewife is not acquainted with MONKEY BRAND.

BROOKE'S SOAP

Monkey Brand

Does not polish the dirt or rust in; polishes it out; in fact, cleans and polishes at one and the same time, but

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

A bright home where brasses, coppers, windows, glasses, in fact everything that should be bright is bright, forming a cheerful picture of bright surroundings. That's the picture of many a home where the housewife has made the acquaintance of MONKEY BRAND.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Soapmakers to the Queen, Port Sunlight.

Makes COPPER like GOLD, TIN like SILVER, BRASS like MIRRORS, CROCKERY like MARBLE, WINDOWS like CRYSTAL.

What the Soldiers say about Bovril

FIRING ON THE RED CROSS FLAG.

The *Daily Graphic* of March 3, 1900, contains an interesting narrative by a surgeon of the Royal Army Medical Corps, describing the capture of Spion Kop. The writer says: "Cases now began to pour down from the hill on stretchers, and I soon ran short of my little supply of bandages; but Major — sent up what I sent back for, with a supply of BOVRIL and other comforts for the sick. Suddenly the Boers opened fire on us, and their bullets went into the fire, knocking the sticks about."

"A USEFUL THING, I CAN TELL YOU."

Writing under date Feb. 2, from Spiermond's Farm, to his mother, Lance-Corporal KENWORTHY, of the 14th Hussars, with General Buller's force in Natal, says, in a letter published in the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner* of March 14—

"Yesterday we had reveille at half-past three and turn out half-past four, in drill order, for a day of reconnaissance, and it was the hardest I have had in the saddle. We started trotting and galloping about six in the morning, and we were at it at six o'clock at night, had no dinner, and the horses no feed. We were just about done up. Myself, I felt all right, as I had a tin of the BOVRIL Lozenges with me, which kept me up all right. They are a useful thing, I can tell you."

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diamonds, and the income during widowhood of £35,000, or of one half thereof in the event of her remarriage, to his wife; £1000 each to his secretary, William Holme, and his late agent, Matthew Robert Bigge; £2000, upon trust, for Elizabeth Bradshaw, and her husband and daughter; an annuity of £200 to his niece Dorothy Harriet Vernon; an annuity of £100 to Annie Raine; £400 to Maude Emery, and £100 to his butler, Francis Abbott. On the death of his wife he bequeaths his diamonds to Dorothy Waller, daughter of the Rev. Horace Waller. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1899), with two codicils (dated Oct. 17 and Dec. 7, 1899), of Miss Maria Wykeham-Martin, of 19, Bryanston Square, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on April 2 by George Henry de Hobeck, Alan Herbert Davidson, Henry Feanside Speed, Reginald James Mure, and Francis Charles Wykeham-Martin, the executors, the value of the estate being £71,987. The testatrix bequeaths £11,000, upon trust, for Henry Feanside Speed; £2000, upon trust, for Colonel George Caldwell Dickens for life, and then for his son Ambrose; £9000, upon trust, for the children of Cornwallis Wykeham-Martin; £7500, upon trust, for the children of the Rev. Francis William Wykeham-Martin; £1000, upon trust,

for Rosalie Speed for life, and then for Digby Geoffrey William Worsley Speed; £3000 each to her nieces Florence Gertrude and Caroline Vere Cornwallis; £5000 to her nephew Arthur Wykeham Cornwallis; £1000 each to Cornwallis Wykeham-Martin and Colonel Richard Frederick Webb; £500 to Mrs. Isabella Webb; and certain pictures to Lord Kesteven and the Hon. Sophia Trollope. She also gives £50 each to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Infant Orphanage, Wandstead, the Royal Military Benevolent Fund, and St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew Arthur Wykeham Cornwallis.

The will (dated June 29, 1891) of Mr. Fredrick Henry Milbank, of 31, Threadneedle Street, and the Stock Exchange, who died on March 11, was proved on April 6 by Sydney James Nicolle, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £45,098. The testator gives £1000 to his brother John James; £600 each to his brothers-in-law John Willes and Walter William Willes; £300 to Thomas Sydney Willes; £500 and his furniture and household effects to his daughter Blanche Harriet Grimshole; and 100 guineas to his executor. After making various appointments of the funds of the marriage settlements of his late wife and his daughter

Mrs. Grimshole, he leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for Mrs. Katherine Milbank and her children.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1893) of Mrs. Margaret Tyers Weller-Poley, of Brandon House, Brandon, Suffolk, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on April 7 by Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd Cullen Poley Hamilton and John William Fisher Hamilton, two of the executors; the value of the estate being £12,444. She bequeathed to Mrs. Helen Anna Ross, £3500; to her cousin William Slade, £1000; to the children of her deceased cousin Robert Slade, £1000; to her executors, £200 each; to the Rochester Diocesan Fund and the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England, £2000 each; to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £1000 each; to Mary Jenkins, £1000; and many other legacies. She gave and devised the Brandon House estate to Boyd Cullen Poley Hamilton, and her property in Lower Kennington Lane and her copyhold estate in the manor of Lambeth is to be held, upon trust, for him for life, and at his decease as to one moiety thereof for her cousin William Slade, and the other moiety for the two children of her deceased cousin Robert Slade. Her property known as the Vauxhall

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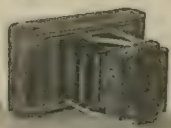
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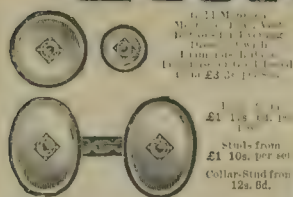
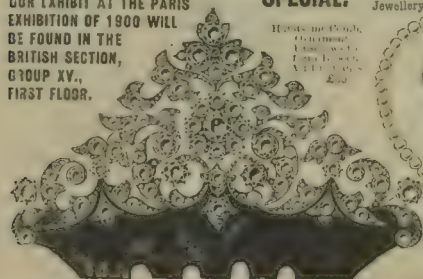
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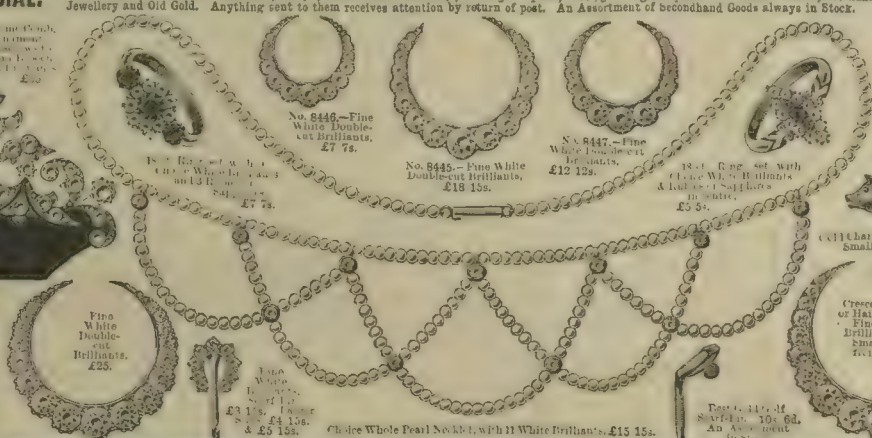
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PRIVATE VIEWS.

Are the palmy days of the Private Views at the great picture exhibitions over and gone? Some would seem to say that they are. But, then, most things are withered by age, staled by custom; and the old fogey every man is on his way to become may easily forget that there are novices always on supply, ready to delight in the freshness of the experience that he finds beginning to pall. That, we take it, is the explanation of the grumble sometimes heard against gatherings at studios of artists on Show Sunday, and against such a Private View as was held at the New Gallery last Saturday, and will be held at the Royal Academy on next Friday. No other function in London offers to that very intelligent and informing person, the country cousin, so good an opportunity to see the celebrities of whom he or she has read. True, he will not see George Eliot as one saw her at the old days of the glorious Grosvenor Gallery, with Mr. George Henry Lewes for bodyguard. Lord Beaconsfield is no longer to be seen, leaning on Lord Rowton's arm, as he might have been seen to do in a long, dead day, when he lifted his eyeglass to look at Mr. Watts's portrait of Mr. Swinburne, and made one of his caustic comments. It is also deeply to be regretted that the Duke of Argyll will also be missed at the Private View.

Even Lord Tennyson, later of crowds, ventured once or twice into those at Burlington House.

Mr. Browning — one person, at any rate, to whom Private Views never grew stale — no longer passes round with his sister, deterred from picture-seeing at every step by the salutations of friends. Perhaps Mr. George Meredith, who appeared four years ago at the New Gallery, will venture into those scenes no more. Mr. Watts, too, among painters, avoids the gatherings that are frankly social rather than artistic. Mr. Sargent is another Academician like-minded; and the blank made by the death of Lord Leighton — whose brief but brilliant progress through Private-Viewing crowds, like everything else of his, had its own distinction — grows only more apparent as the years advance. But the world is not inhabited by giants; and sensible people will always be pleased with what they can get, even in the way of celebrities.

The annual banquet at the Academy affords the invited guests an opportunity for a Private View, all the rooms being brilliantly lighted for the occasion, and many guests coming early and lingering late to look around. The Prince of Wales has been one of the most indefatigable of Private-Viewers in this sense for a long course of years, and it was on one of these preliminary inspections that he discovered "The Roll-Call," and made in his speech an allusion to it which has been the precedent for similar allusions

to pictures of the year on the part of speakers at the banquet ever since. What was then an innovation has become a habit, and a habit that, if it does not always tend to the higher criticism, at least confers on the painter named a new breakfast-table pleasure when he opens his paper on the morning of Sunday or Monday. To the exhibiting artist there is always a possibility in each speech — an unofficial but coveted Academy honour.

We have received from the Countess of Aberdeen the report of the transactions of the International Congress of Women, 1899. The volumes include the various sections: Women in Politics, Women in Industrial Life, Women in Social Life, Women in Professions, Women in Education, and a report of the Council's transactions. Lady Aberdeen herself has acted as editor of the records, and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is the publisher.

Dr. Reuben Thomas, whose semi-jubilee as minister of Harvard Church, Brooklyn, is attracting much attention in the American religious press, began his pulpit work at the age of twenty as assistant to Mr. Newman Hall at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. He also held pastorates at Liverpool and in East London, and was about thirty-five when he entered on his real life-work in the United States. Dr. Thomas hopes to visit Europe this summer.

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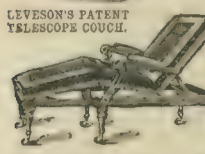
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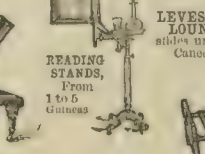
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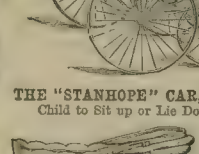
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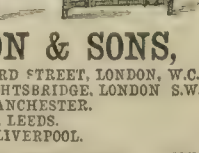
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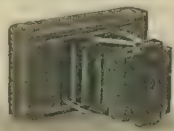
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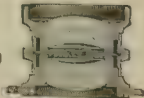
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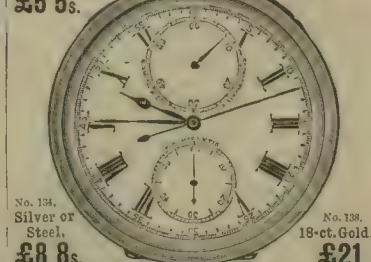
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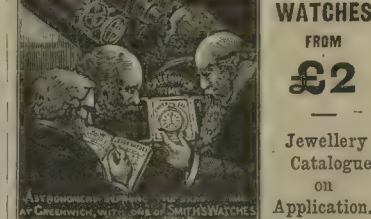
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AN ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF THE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.



WITH A GREAT ARMY



A WARRIOR'S REPRESHMENT: LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF AT LUNCHEON IN THE FIELD.

From Photographs.

WITH A GREAT ARMY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

I WAS in the middle of a lecturing tour in the Antipodes when, in consequence of the insolent ultimatum of Paul Kruger—whose name, by-the-by, is pronounced "Creo" by his own people—the British ships of war in Australasian ports on the afternoon of Oct. 12 received the following signal: "War conditions with the Transvaal exist as from to-day." The excitement throughout the Colonies could hardly be excelled by that of the old country. Enthusiastic crowds hung around the newspaper offices all day, greedily reading every scrap of intelligence posted up from time to time on the newsboards. I hurried to South Africa at once. From the first it struck me that, from a journalistic point of view, the relief of Kimberley and rescue of Cecil Rhodes would probably be the most interesting thing to see;

of the words," ceased to be a reliable guide, for the military authorities had taken over the line, and trains were uncertain in their movements. However, the courteous commandant of De Aar gave me a "chit" to Colonel Aldworth, of the Cornwall Regiment, who, with his men, was pushing on by train to Orange River. A bright, dapper little man was Aldworth, and much beloved by his men. Alas! he now lies buried at Paardeberg, where he fell gallantly leading his regiment across the open, under a scathing fire from Cronjé's trenches—a sacrifice to one of the most stupid and unnecessary attacks yet made by us in this campaign. At Orange River I reported myself to the commandant, and received a great shock, for he informed me that he regretted very much that

sent from the Orange Station, written by the only officer at headquarters, a subaltern in charge, for Methuen and Staff were off at the fighting. Excitement was at fever-point when news came in that heavy guns had been heard in the direction of Kimberley. At last our train was ready. Almost tropical rains had fallen during the day, and the permanent way was completely under water. The guard's van, in which my companion and I were to travel, was already soaking with the rain which had poured through the leaking roof. As we were about to start, an official handed me some despatches to deliver to Lord Methuen at once, for, as no officer was available, he had asked me to carry them, but to destroy them if the enemy attacked the train en route, should I find the situation



IMPORTANT NEWS: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS GIVING DIRECTIONS TO HIS CHIEF OF THE STAFF, LORD KITCHENER.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

and not only this, the invasion of the Orange Free State, which should be the principal strategic movement of the campaign, must take place in the comparatively open country from the Orange River to the Modder. I decided, therefore, to land at Port Elizabeth and then proceed by rail to where Lord Methuen was about to force his way to the relief of Kimberley. I received the most cordial assistance from Colonel Fairholme, in charge of the line of communications between Port Elizabeth and De Aar, for in two days I was in possession of the necessary passes which all correspondents must have who wish to proceed to the front. I had already called from New Zealand to the British War Office, and had been referred to the General in command in South Africa. Through Fairholme, I reported myself by telegram to him at the Cape, and received a pass to join Lord Methuen's command. But this was not final, for that General had the option of definitely refusing any correspondents sent up to him permission to stay. The Cape Government railways, as usual, extended their courtesy to the Press by a general free pass over their lines; but on arriving at De Aar Junction, their time-tables, or, as a good friend of mine used to say, the "book

I could not proceed further, for the Press Censor at Modder River had wired that no more correspondents were to be sent on. There was a firm conviction with the officers at De Aar and Orange River that a big fight was impending near the Modder, and there was no time to lose if I wished to be in the battle. What should I do? If I proceeded by road I might evade the officials at Orange River, but if found out, my license would be revoked for the rest of the campaign. A happy thought struck me. Why shouldn't I address Lord Methuen personally? I had been with him in Egypt in '82. I asked the commandant if he would sign a telegram to that effect. This he kindly did, and next morning I received a wire, through the Chief of the Staff for Methuen, saying, "Glad to see you, come at once." To my disgust, there was no train leaving for the front till nine that night, and that would be the commissariat train, calling at all camps en route to dispense its contents of bread, fresh meat, and vegetables. My companion, Frederick Wilkinson, of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, was in the same plight, and I chafed all day at the wretched delay. Fighting might have already commenced, and we were made further anxious by an answer from Modder River to a telegram

hopeless. I promised to carry out his instructions, and the train slowly steamed out of the station through the flood. There were three Army Service Corps men besides my companion and self, with our servants, in the guard's van, which was almost full up with sacks of potatoes, loaves of bread, onions, and three or four carcasses of sheep. However, we made ourselves fairly comfortable for the night. A damp sack of potatoes was my bed, and the cold, unctuous carcass of a lamb my pillow, while the fumes of our bursting shrapnel could be seen against the purple kopje of the enemy's position. I found General Lord Methuen with the Chief of his Staff keenly watching the battle from a Cape cart, into which he had just mounted to rest, for the wound in his thigh, received in the Modder River affair, still troubled him. He was bright and

W I T H A G R E A T A R M Y.



CRONJÉ INTRODUCING HIS WIFE TO GENERAL DOUGLAS.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

This incident took place outside the station at Gloria's Hotel during the journey to the M-dier River Railway.

genial, in spite of the chagrin he must have felt at the misfortune to the Highland Brigade, the details of which were still arriving, and he was fully convinced that if that cruel order to "Retire" had not been shouted from the Boer trenches, which, with the terrible fire our men were under at the time, had placed the advanced battalions in confusion, the battle would have been won. In this I think Methuen was right, for Mr. Bisset, the owner of the farm from which the enemy's position takes its name, whom I met later on at the relief of Kimberley, told me that some of the Highlanders were absolutely outflanking the Boers, when they suddenly retreated, just when the enemy were beginning to feel they had had enough of it. The pathetic end of the battle was when the gloaming settled over the bloody field, and the day's work was done, when the wounded of the remnant of the Highland Brigade crawled or dragged their weary suffering bodies towards the first aid. One stalwart Highlander, slightly wounded himself, was carrying a more unfortunate brother in his arms, staggering to the ambulance.

The 4.7 in. naval gun, mounted on a Percy Scott carriage, made some very good hits on the enemy's kopje with lyddite shell. One burst in the vicinity of the Boer

lance-corporal. That steak was fried in its own juice, and I ate it off the shovel piping hot.

When Pilcher's little force of Colonials reached Belmont, after this well-planned raid, I received news that there was likely to be a fight at Coleskop. I travelled to Rensburg with the Household Cavalry. The men of the Blues were all eager for the fray, though their beautiful black horses looked sad and desponding after their long journey by steamer and train from the old country, with hardly a halt en route. I overheard one enthusiastic young officer say to a Staff officer: "How do you think these beggars"—meaning the Boers—"will stand a 'shock action'?" I smiled, and thought to myself: "Poor boy, how little you know your 'brother Boer'!" Shock actions, with Mausers and smokeless powder, are sadly out of date. The fighting was over for that day, for the Suffolks had come to grief in attacking a kopje at midnight instead of at dawn. A few hundred men had been lost, and this seemed to stagger us for the rest of the day—a common event with all the commands up to the present, for what reason it is difficult to tell. But instead of pushing on after a slight reverse,

very angry, and told them that I should feel perfectly safe in their hands at fifty yards. "Anyway," said they, "we took you for a blooming Boer. Their officers always ride in Cape carts, and there is a scare on to-day."

Two miles farther on I was bailed up by a sergeant and three men who were waiting for me on the road. As the non-com. held up his hand for me to halt, I said, "Oh, thank you! I'm much obliged." "What do you mean, Sir?" said he. "Oh, simply that you should have been so courteous as to ask me who I was before shooting." "Don't understand," said he. Then I told him of my adventure with the last picket. With an air of great disdain he said, "Oh, silly beggars!"

Hearing that General Buller was about to make his third attempt to relieve Ladysmith, I hurried down to Port Elizabeth by goods train, and, as luck would have it, I found an empty transport was about to start for Natal en route for India. Owing to the courtesy of Captain Stuart, of the B.I.S. *Lindala*, I was allowed to proceed in her to Durban. I then attempted to make my way at once to the front, but the sad calamity at Spion Kop and the recrossing of the Tugela blocked my way. I started for Chieveley with Captain Percy Scott, the



THE C.I.V. AT THE FRONT: THE MOUNTED ESCORT TO CRONJÉ COMING INTO MODDER RIVER CAMP.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic V. Thiers.

laager, splitting up rocks, which shot into the air like the pumice of a volcano, churning up the soil and flinging wide the remains of a Boer who could not get away. We could see the enemy run to cover in great consternation, but lyddite, owing to the cunning Boer trenches, did not do as much damage as was expected.

Finding that Lord Methuen could not advance without further reinforcements, I joined Colonel Pilcher's command at Belmont, he being about to punish the Douglas rebels, who had formed a laager at a place called Sunnyside Kopje. Pilcher is certainly one of the smartest officers now in South Africa; for he started his little campaign against the rebels by arresting every living soul we met and keeping them in custody until the fight was over. The result was very successful, for after a march of thirty-five miles we caught the Boers at breakfast next morning and supplemented their repast with a shrapnel shell, which burst right in the middle of their laager. Meanwhile, we had surrounded them, and "A" company of Queen's Landers working round their right flank and threatening them with the point of the bayonet, the Boers threw up the sponge, and we took forty-two prisoners. Some oxen were commandeered by us; one was slaughtered. Pilcher's orderly, a gentleman ranker, offered me a ration of the fresh meat. I told him that I had no means of cooking it, when, for the first time in all my experience of war, I was introduced to a trenching-spade as a culinary utensil by this smart young

we do just what the enemy expects us to do—keep quiet till they have further strengthened any point of vantage they may have temporarily gained.

I returned later to Naauwpoort, and, wishing to see the country, I drove back in my Cape cart. I was about half-way towards my destination when a picket of the Suffolks commanded me to halt. They examined my papers, my cart was overhauled, and I could see that I was looked upon with considerable suspicion. I was eventually allowed to proceed, and, later, was dozing in my cart from the intense heat of the afternoon, when a whirr, or a noise like the buzz of a mosquito passing through the cart, sharpened my wits, and the loud crack of a rifle followed. I jumped up to pull up the horses, for my Kaffir boy was lashing them furiously, then I put out my head at the back of the cart and looked toward the adjacent kopje, when "bang" went a rifle in the opposite direction. I turned and saw, about a hundred yards away, moving from a railway culvert, three British soldiers looking very business-like, with their rifles ready for any emergency. They were "stalking" my cart. I shouted to them to drop firing, when they hurried forward with surprised faces. "Why," said the foremost man, "didn't you stop when we challenged?" "Never heard you; why didn't you stop me on the road, instead of shouting a hundred yards off?" I replied. "Well, Sir, you nearly lost your horses," said one of the men. I was

commandant, who had just rigged up a 4.7 gun on a railway-truck, a new departure even for him. But it worked well, and did splendid execution in the enemy's lines at Colenso. Buller's reverse necessitated a long wait, so I returned to Port Elizabeth, and hurried on to be in time for the relief of Kimberley.

Arriving at Belmont, I wired to a Dutch farmer near Honey Nest Kloof to bring in his Cape cart for hire. On my arrival at the station, I found that my telegram had not been delivered. I was wondering what to do next, when the commandant, the courteous little Colonel of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, came up and befriended me at once, and sent on word to the farmer. At nine that evening the farmer arrived. He wanted such a high price for the hire of his cart that I told him I would sooner give an Englishman twice as much at Modder River than be robbed by a Dutchman. The little incident saved me a possible disaster. That night I slept at headquarters. I noticed everybody dozed in their boots, and the ammunition and stores were in laager, for the Boers had threatened an attack for several nights. The late lamented war-correspondent, my dear friend Archibald Forbes, used always to impress on me three golden rules when campaigning: "Never to be shot, never to be beleaguered, and always to keep your line of communications open." I was very near breaking one of these rules that night. The previous day I travelled

W I T H A G R E A T A R M Y.



THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY: ARRIVAL OF THE TUNTON.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE MR. J. H. B. VICTORIA.

Mr. J. H. B. VICTORIA, who drew the sketch, is now, through the kindness of the artist, at the disposal of the artist.

with a young cavalry officer who was in search of his regiment; he had got out at the next station, and a friend lending him a horse, he had hurried towards the Riet River Drift, over which the great army had passed into the Orange Free State. It was also my intention to make for the Riet from Honey Nest Kloof. However, on arriving at Modder River the next morning after my altercation with the farmer, just as I was entering headquarters to report myself, a familiar voice shouting "Villiers!" arrested me. On turning I saw the very much soiled and wild apparition of my recent railway companion. He had just ridden in from the Riet, and was almost breathless. At last he told me "that I had missed quite a good thing." On leaving me he rode towards the drift, innocently moving by the side of a convoy, when the enemy opened a terrible rifle and artillery fire from an adjacent kopje, completely cutting up some eighty wagons of the convoy, captured two military attachés, and shot at him; the narrator, for twenty minutes as he ran the gauntlet back to camp.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the famous water-colourist,

guard turned out at the sight of the first vehicle they had seen on that road for four months. They smelt the onions, and discovered the sheep. We cut a leg off the animal and threw it to the hungry crowd, who struggled for it like ravenous wolves, and we passed on into the city. Kimberley was in verity relieved, for the mutton had come.

One of the most imposing sights of the campaign was the march of our gallant London heroes known as the C.I.V. with Cronjé to Modder River. In a quaint cart covered with khaki and pulled by four artillery horses, Cronjé, his wife, secretary, and grandson, made their last march across their native veldt for many a month—perhaps years. On arriving at Modder River Station, General Douglas met the distinguished prisoners, and Cronjé introduced his wife, a meek little lady looking rather bedraggled in a black silk dress covered with dust. I noticed that her figure appeared rather unshapely: this was accounted for on my return to Paardeberg, when a young officer, greatly excited, rushed up to me and said: "Villiers, Villiers! I have the most interesting loot in camp!" "What is it?"

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS'S CAREER.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, one of the most eminent of our many distinguished war-correspondents, was born in London in 1852, and was educated at Guines, Pas de Calais. For some time he was a student at the Schools of Art at South Kensington, and in 1870 became a student at the Royal Academy. His first war-service was in 1876, when he went through the Servian Campaign with Mr. Archibald Forbes as special artist and correspondent to the *Graphic*. He served also in the Russo-Turkish and Afghan Wars, and on June 11, 1882, he was on board H.M.S. *Condor* during the bombardment of Alexandria. He landed with the marines. It was his fortune to see the fight at Tel-el-Mahouta, and during the battle of Tel-el-Kebir he accompanied the Highland Brigade.

For his services in Egypt Mr. Villiers received the decoration of the Medjidieh and the Egyptian War medal from the Khedive. His next mission was one of peace, when, in May 1883, he attended the coronation of the Czar Alexander III. at Moscow. February of the following year saw him back again in Egypt, and he was present at the



CRONJÉ'S STAND AT PAARDEBERG: THE BOER LAAGER, WRECKED BY LYDDITE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

The scene is typical of the devastation wrought by our shell.

who had come out from England to pick up material, joined me in my Cape cart, and yet a third traveller, Mr. Scott, with a camera. The result was that when twelve miles from Kimberley the horses were so used up that one could not encourage them by patting their necks, for they would take a mean advantage of this kindness by leaning up against one. At last they refused to do anything but stagger along the road at about two knots an hour. To my joy I heard a rattle of a wagonette behind, and a spanking team of horses coming up the road. I hailed the driver, whom I found to be Mr. Bisset, of Magersfontein. He offered to give me a lift. My companions preferring to remain with the Cape cart, I drove on. I found the loyal farmer much excited: his wife and daughter had been shut up in Kimberley for over four months, and he was anxious to know if they were alive or dead, and if the former, he had something to tickle their jaded palates with—a whole sheep and a sack of onions. We were rattling on at twelve miles an hour, when a cadaverous-looking outpost of three hungry men stuck us up five miles from Kimberley and feebly cheered us when we threw them some onions. On arriving at the first Guard-house—a charming villa, with its front garden decorated with sandbags for defensive purposes—the

said I. Holding a mysterious scroll aloft, he cried, "Why, Mrs. Cronjé's corsets!"

The Boer camp after the surrender at Paardeberg was a mere shambles. The oxen and horses killed by our heavy shelling lay thickly sprinkled round about the ruined wagons and Cape carts, in spite of the fact that the Boers had already got rid of over one thousand of the dead animals by throwing them into the river. The stench of the camp was almost impossible to bear.

The Modder River at Paardeberg is one of the prettiest spots in all Africa, and resembles some bits of the Thames at Cookham, but that the foliage lacked the richness of that charming *endroit*. The country around is mostly flat, and gave one the appearance of English meadow-land, for after a tropical downpour the veldt was rich with verdure. Lord Roberts's headquarters, about five miles beyond the Wolfeskraal Drift, were at an excellently built farmhouse standing in the cool shadow of foliage. But for the cacti, it was Lincolnshire.

Regarding our sketch, a messenger has just arrived, and Roberts is giving orders to the Chief of his Staff. To the left of the picture is the famous khaki cart in which the Field-Marshal, when in the field, seeks shelter from the sun, and rest.

battles of El Teb and Tamai. As special correspondent of the *Daily News*, he in 1884 accompanied Admiral Hewett to Abyssinia, and the spring of the following year he accompanied the Khartoum Relief Expedition and saw the battle of Abu Klea. The Servian and Bulgarian outbreak of the same year again drew Mr. Villiers to Eastern Europe, and on his homeward way he was stopped at Venice by a telegram from the *Graphic* bidding him proceed to Burma. In 1894 he followed the fortunes of the Japanese army, witnessing the battle of Pingyang and the taking of Port Arthur. Another lecture tour round the world occupied him in 1895, and the chief event of 1896 was a second journey to Moscow for the coronation of Nicholas II. During the Greco-Turkish War of 1897 he represented the *Standard*, and was the first correspondent to use the cinematographe camera in the field. August 1898 saw Mr. Villiers with the Sirdar's army on the way to Omdurman. In that campaign he represented this *Journal* and the *Globe*. The battle of Omdurman and the memorial service to Gordon at Khartoum were among his greater experiences. Another was his introduction of the bicycle into the Sudan. Mr. Villiers once more represents *The Illustrated London News* in South Africa. At the moment he is at home on a brief furlough.

W I T H A G R E A T A R M Y.



"A LYDDITE SHELL" IN "THE DOER" LAAGER AT MAGERSPONTEIN.

ETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

... Note, the area of the explosion, as compared with the dead Doer.



OUR OCCUPATION OF BLOEMFONTEIN: AN EVENING CONCERT BY THE PIPERS OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN THE MARKET SQUARE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist,

W I T H A G R E A T A R M Y.



A NOVEL FRYING-PAN. A NEW USE FOR THE SPADE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

Our Artist had a piece of raw meat given to him, but had no convenience for cooking it. Colonel Pilcher's orderly, however, suggested that he should use a spade, which answered very well.

W I T H A G R E A T A R M Y.



TOMMY'S CURIOUS LOOT IN PAANDERBERG CAMP.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

At Paanderberg an officer ran up to our Artist, shouting, "Villiers, I have found the most interesting loot in camp!" And the artist replied, "This is it!"

BLOEMFONTEIN IN BRITISH HANDS.



THE UNION JACK ON THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



THE WELSH REGIMENT AND THEIR GOAT.



THE ORANGE FREE STATE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE
LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.



C.I.V. ORDERLIES ON DUTY AT THE POST OFFICE.



GRENADIERS MARCHING TO THE STATION ON THEIR WAY TO SPRINGFONTEIN.



GENERAL VIEW OF ROBERTS'S ADVANCE ON BLOEMFONTEIN.

W I T H A G R E A T A R M Y.



AID AT LAST: A SURGEON AT WORK ON THE FIELD.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

WITH A GREAT ARMY.



THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK: THE REMNANT OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

BOOKS TO READ.

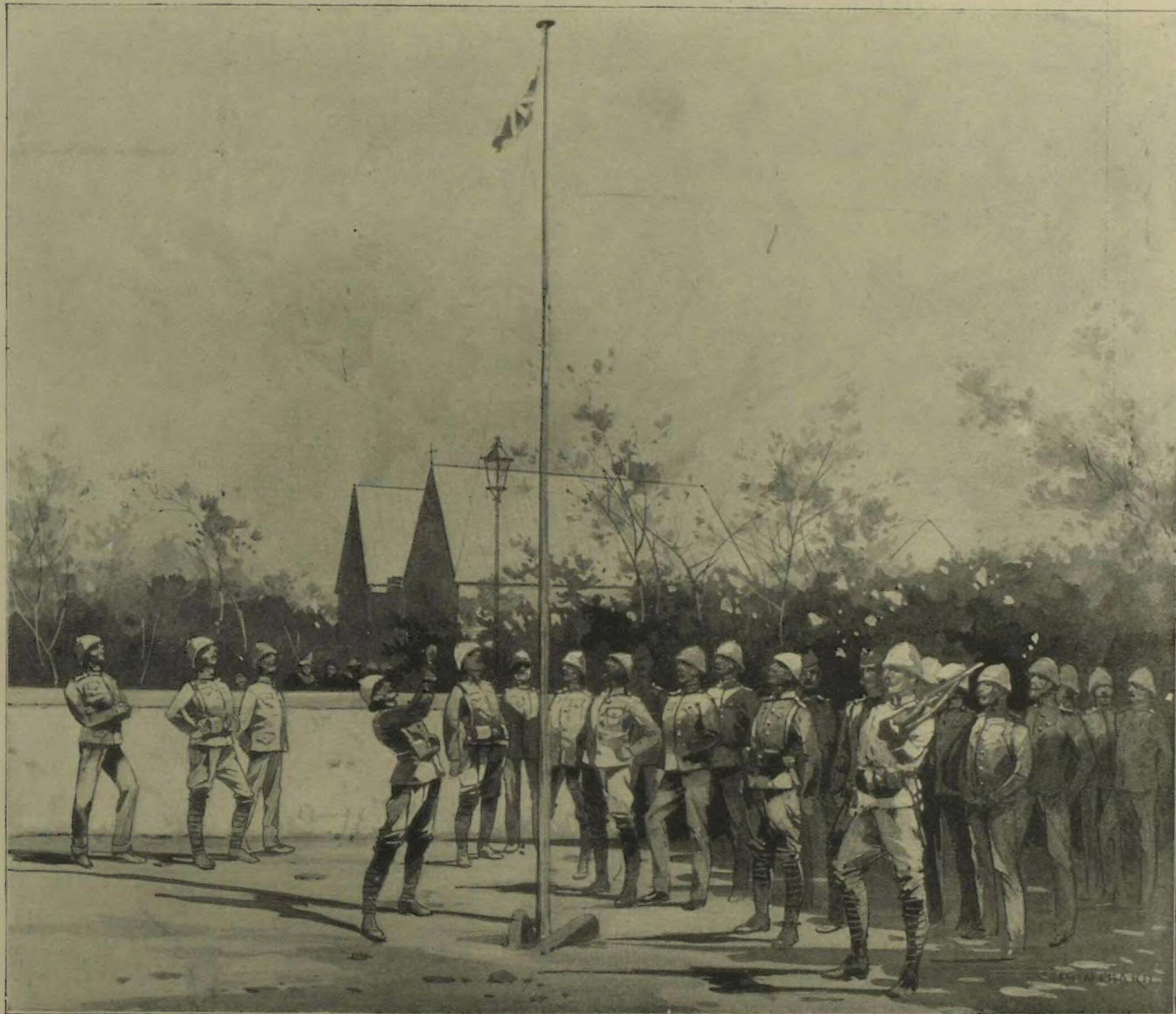
LONDON: APRIL 24, 1900.

The other evening I asked a lady what books she had been reading lately. She reflected a moment, and then gave me the names of four novels. Her choice was not undistinguished, and the works were recognisable under the titles she gave them, but it was clear that with her, as with a vast number of other pleasant people, the term "books" meant novels. Fiction is their only reading. And they prefer a long novel to a short one; a long, meandering, discursive story, with a rivulet of plot trickling through forests of reflection and sensitive writing. Ask a bookseller, and he will tell you that bulk is a sure passport to popular favour. In recommending Dr. Barry's "Arden Massiter" (Fisher Unwin), I do not suggest that the bulk of "Arden Massiter" is its main claim to consideration. The book has many qualities: it has industry, sentiment, knowledge of art, of Socialism, of political intrigue, of Italy, of languages, and I know not

among the hundreds of best books that the Schoolmasters of Literature are always advising. Messrs. Macmillan's Library is cheap (the price is 3s. 6d. a volume), and the books are as handsome as any issued recently from the press. Twenty-five volumes will be published this year, and they include Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," "Don Quixote," "Tom Jones," Lockhart's "Life of Scott," White's "Selborne," and Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Two other books lie before me. One is by Mr. Frederick Wedmore; the other by Mr. S. R. Crockett. This is probably the first time that those two authors have been placed together, and if these lines meet their eyes, they must smile at the juxtaposition. Mr. Wedmore is a writer of little books at long intervals—careful, precise, a polisher of phrases, a constructor of sentences that wind through his meaning as tortuously as the path of the maze at Hampton Court. "Here, as elsewhere," he says in a dedicatory letter, "I have wanted little 'story'; having never professed to be able, in our late and crowded day, to be vitally interested in schemes for the chronicle of the

led her step by step to the final tragedy are suggested, and as she goes the reader has nothing for her but pity. The artistic temperament is a poor substitute for character amid the chances and temptations of life. Mr. Wedmore's personal method and style of writing may not captivate all, but he is sincere, and he has succeeded in this analytical story of the slow but inevitable collapse of a penitent, who had never begun to learn, and who had no wish to learn, the meaning of penitence. The moral would seem to be, once a Bohemian always a Bohemian, unless something stronger is developed to counteract the Bohemianism. The attractive dramatist might have tried to help Rose Damarel, and might have succeeded, but that would have needed a longer book, and Mr. Wedmore is not a writer of long books. Mr. Crockett is. "Joan of the Sword Hand" is a massive, bustling, historical romance, with castles on hills, feuds, forays, battles, and love-making of that vigorous kind which, if we are to believe the historical romancers, was the custom in mediæval times. Mr. Crockett does not attempt much subtlety in his characterisation.



BRITISH BLOEMFONTEIN: HOISTING THE UNION JACK SENT BY LADY ROBERTS.

what else. Arden Massiter is a Socialist journalist who, having flirted with the under-world of Italian political intrigue in London, goes to Italy, kills a man, is pursued, takes refuge with an ancient Italian family, falls in love with the daughter, and so on. The canvas is crowded with incidents, which cohere. It is the work of a well-stored mind, but not the novelist's mind. The author is a Catholic priest, who presumably writes novels as a recreation. Turning to "Who's Who," a publication which gives the Recreations of eminent men, I find that the list of Dr. Barry's recreations occupy no fewer than six lines. The passage runs: "Study of Oriental literatures—Hebrew and Persian; travelling; fond of music and chemistry; acquainted with French, German, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin languages and literature; work—metaphysical, critical, and historical. Interested in Social Christian enterprise." Just so! "Arden Massiter" is exactly the kind of novel a Catholic priest with such Recreations would write.

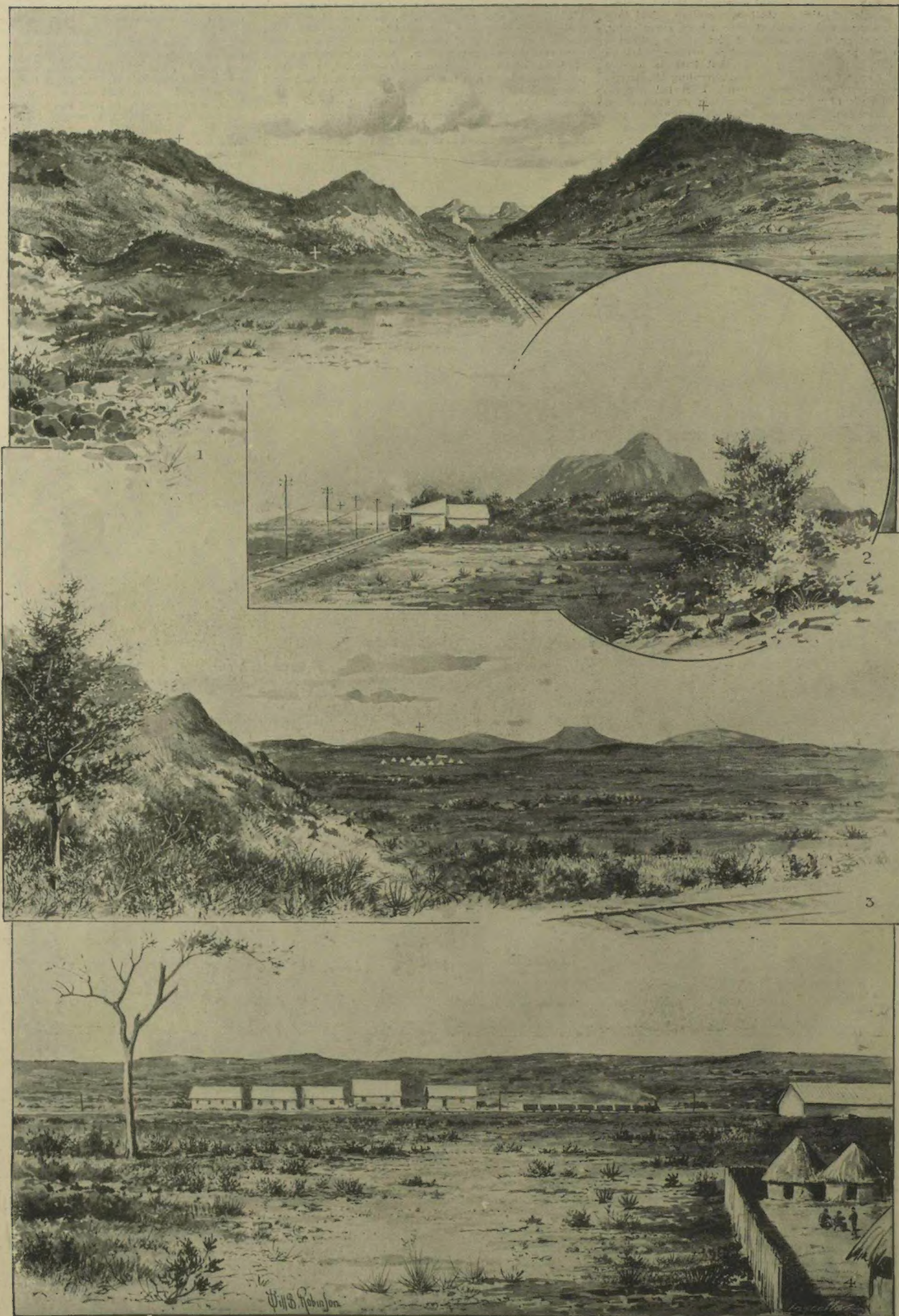
For those who feel the desire to read, say, for half an hour a day, or even for a quarter of an hour a day, as Mr. John Morley once suggested, something more sustaining than fiction, then Macmillan's "Library of English Classics" may be recommended. The Library saves the ordinary reader, with no particular taste for any particular branch of literature, the difficulty of choosing

outward event." His book, "The Collapse of the Penitent" (Hutchinson), has 190 small, open pages, and judging by a note at the end, he has been brooding over the story for nine years. Mr. Crockett's romance, "Joan of the Sword Hand" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), has close upon 400 solid pages, and, judging by the regularity with which his books appear, I hazard the guess that Mr. Crockett would hang his head in shame at his idleness if such a book occupied him longer than six months. Mr. Crockett is "interested in schemes for the chronicle of the outward event."

"The Collapse of the Penitent" is the story of a brilliant, unhappy woman, who allowed herself, through the difficult years of her life, to be the sport of her temperament. A pianist of note, beautiful, fêted, popular, the primrose way led her in the end to a merciful death in a sordid little French café. The story begins where the parable of the Prodigal Son ends, for in the opening chapter, her husband, a prosperous, vulgar, world-hardened picture-dealer, takes her back to his hearth and home, fresh from her wild flight in search of happiness with an attractive dramatist. She showed her weakness even in that flight, for the future frightened her before they reached Dover. But the shipwreck of the penitent was only delayed, not averted. Skillfully and sympathetically, the motives which

His personages are indicated broadly, and with considerable vigour. If mediæval Germany does not start to the eye in his industrious pages, the story bustles along. One of the best chapters falls at the end. Pope Sixtus is suddenly introduced sitting in the Vatican garden in the month of April to give audience to no less a person than a Cardinal of his Church, Prince Conrad. The Cardinal is the chosen of Joan's heart, and he has come to the Pope with a petition: "My father," he said, very low, his head bent down, "I, who am a priest, have loved the Lady Joan, my brother's wife." The brother, I should explain, is now dead, and this being a historical romance, the way for his marriage is speedily made quite smooth, and ex-Cardinal Conrad departs to tell the good news to the Lady Joan. Around her the story revolves. She is the ruler of a cluster of hill statelets, and her subjects worship her, for she is beautiful and brave, and wields the sword with anybody. Being affianced to a neighbouring Prince she has never seen, Joan masquerades as a boy to study him under favourable conditions. She falls in love with his brother, who becomes a Cardinal, and after much tribulation, Mr. Crockett, with the help of Pope Sixtus, smooths the path of true love, and all is well.

QUILL.



1. The Train Engaging the Enemy two miles south of the Pools in Bechuanaland.
2. Gubemes Station, the Base of Operations.

3. The Boer Camp, 2100 yards from the Railway.
4. Mochadi, the Base Camp of the Rhodesian Force, looking East.

N.B.—The Boer Positions are indicated by Crosses.

VIEWS FROM THE RHODESIAN ARMoured TRAIN.

From Sketches by Mr. Herbert Higgins.